The Junior Times

Los Angeles, California, Sunday, January 12, 1930

THE GOLDEN THRILL

BY ROSEMARY WIESS

After all, there is only one Christmas story. We relive it each year. It is done a bit differently, in different lands, perhaps, and each decade brings new gifts into vogue. The setting changes slightly, but the theme song remains the same. "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

The story of Christmas is the story of the golden thrill of giving. Mrs. Blakeley-Jones was aglow with this golden thrill, as she raced smoothly down Broadway in her big gray motor. Her Christmas shopping was completed at last. The car was filled with beautifully wrapped gifts—mostly precious things, things of crystal and jade, of silver and gold, for Mrs. Blakely-Jones was rich.

But Anne Smith, who was poor, felt the golden thrill none the less keenly, as she stood on a downtown corner, waiting for the street car, sixty 'leven bundles held carefully and tightly in her arms.

Anne stood waiting beside a large news stand. It was the day before Christmas, and most of the magazines displayed were January numbers. Across the top of the stand, however, were two rows of Christmas magazines, all copies of the same publication. The proprietor had left them there, especially—they attracted attention—and business. Many people had bought copies of that magazine, not because they were particularly interested in the contents, but, because the picture on the cover attracted them. It was the laughing, sparkling face of a lovely girl, with holly in her hair, Anne's face, to be exact, for she had posed for the picture, the picture that gave her an additional thrill. For Anne spent her life in a factory, pasting labels on cans of paint. Hers was not interesting work, nor particularly well paid, was not the most enticing mode of existence, but it was reliable, and the regular receipt of a pay check is an important factor, when one is supporting themselves and a brother aged 9.

Some one suggested to Anne, that she might be able to earn extra money posing for magazine artists, and so she had tried. But there are so many pretty girls, and artists are hard to please. Finally, however, there was one, who said she had the face he had been looking for, for a Christmas cover design. She posed for him on a number of Saturday afternoons, and, when the picture was completed, he paid her $15.

Fifteen dollars! Mrs. Blakely-Jones would have thought the sum shockingly inadequate for Christmas shopping. But, oh, the treasures it bought for Anne. The littlest, plumpest duck in the meat market, nuts, and cranberries, a box of thick creamy fudge, a pair of shoes for brother Alex, a sack of marbles, a fascinating book of pirate tales, with colored illustrations, and a special present for Anne herself.

When she returned to Alex, happily laden, he was waiting for her, cap in hand, on the doorstep.

"Anne," he asked, seriously, "would you rather have one big present, or a lot of little ones?"

"Oh, a lot of little ones!" Anne replied at once. "Unwrapping packages is such fun!"

"All right," he said, smilingly, as he put on his cap, "if you're a good girl, I'll tell Santa to bring you a lot of little ones."

"Don't be gone too long!" she called after him, as he scuttled around the corner. Alex scarcely heard her as he hurried toward the "Dime store." He had saved up a dollar, and he was going to spend it to the last penny, on presents for Anne. The store was densely crowded. He pushed his way with vigorous determination from counter to counter. The dollar was invested in a necklace of pink glass beads, a sack of peanuts, two bars of fancy soap in a blue box, with a ship design on the cover, a bottle of perfume, and a yellow silk handkerchief, with a gayly colored bird embroidered in one corner.

Alex was walking quickly toward home, keeping a tight hold on his purchases, when some one called to him: Wanna ride home, sonny?" The speaker was the only occupant of a shabby-looking car. He was, nevertheless, an interesting sort of person—a reporter by profession, not handsome, yet possessing a charming smile. He was joyously filled with the spirit of the hour, moreover, he was especially happy for a particular reason, which had, strange as it might seem, nothing to do with Christmas.

'I never ride with strangers,' Alex informed him.

"Nobody's a stranger on Christmas Eve, the reporter returned, coaxingly. "Besides, I'm just a grown-up Boy Scout, trying to do my daily good deed. You're my last hope. What will Santa think if I don't do a daily good deed on the day before Christmas?"

There was no resisting him. Alex climbed into the car. Before they had gone a block, he was telling the young man what his packages contained, and for whom they were intended. The young man sighed with deep sadness, part pretended, and a part real. "I'm an orphan, too," he said, "and I haven't even a sister."

'Oh," Alex murmured, sympathetically. Then, with sudden eagerness, "would you like to come to our house for dinner? My sister wouldn't mind, and she's an awful good cook!"

The height of Alex's ambition was to be able to say to his companions, between wide yawns, "I didn't get hardly any sleep last night. We had company over to our house, and they just stayed and stayed." He and Anne had no relations, and company was, for them, almost an unknown event.

Arrived at the little gray house, Alex hopped from the car. "Now," he said to the reporter, "you go up and ring the doorbell, then, when she comes out, you say, 'Does Mrs. Jones live here?' Then she'll say, 'No,' but you keep on talking to her till I finish going around the back and hiding these, then I'll introduce you!"

The reporter did as he was instructed. When the door opened, he said at once, "Does Mrs. Jones live here?" Then he started with surprise. "Why you are the girl on the magazine cover!" he cried eagerly

Anne stared at him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling a bit sheepishly, "but—but—you are the girl on the cover, aren't you? You see, the minute I saw that picture I fell—that is, what I mean to say is, that picture fascinated me. I bought a copy, and I've had it hanging in my room ever since, and it gave me a gem of an idea for a Christmas story. It'll be in my paper tomorrow morning with original decorations."

It was at this point that Alex decided to make the promised introduction. "Anne, this is a very nice man. He writes stories. He's going to write a pirate story for me, that would make Stevenson claw his whiskers with envy."

The reporter tried to look modest. Anne laughed infectiously.

Christmas morning, cool and sunlight colored. Bowls of geraniums in the windows of Anne's house. A Christmas tree in the tiny living-room, with gifts shining through the branches—Anne's gifts to Alex, Alex's gifts to Anne, inexpensive little things, made precious by their love for one another.

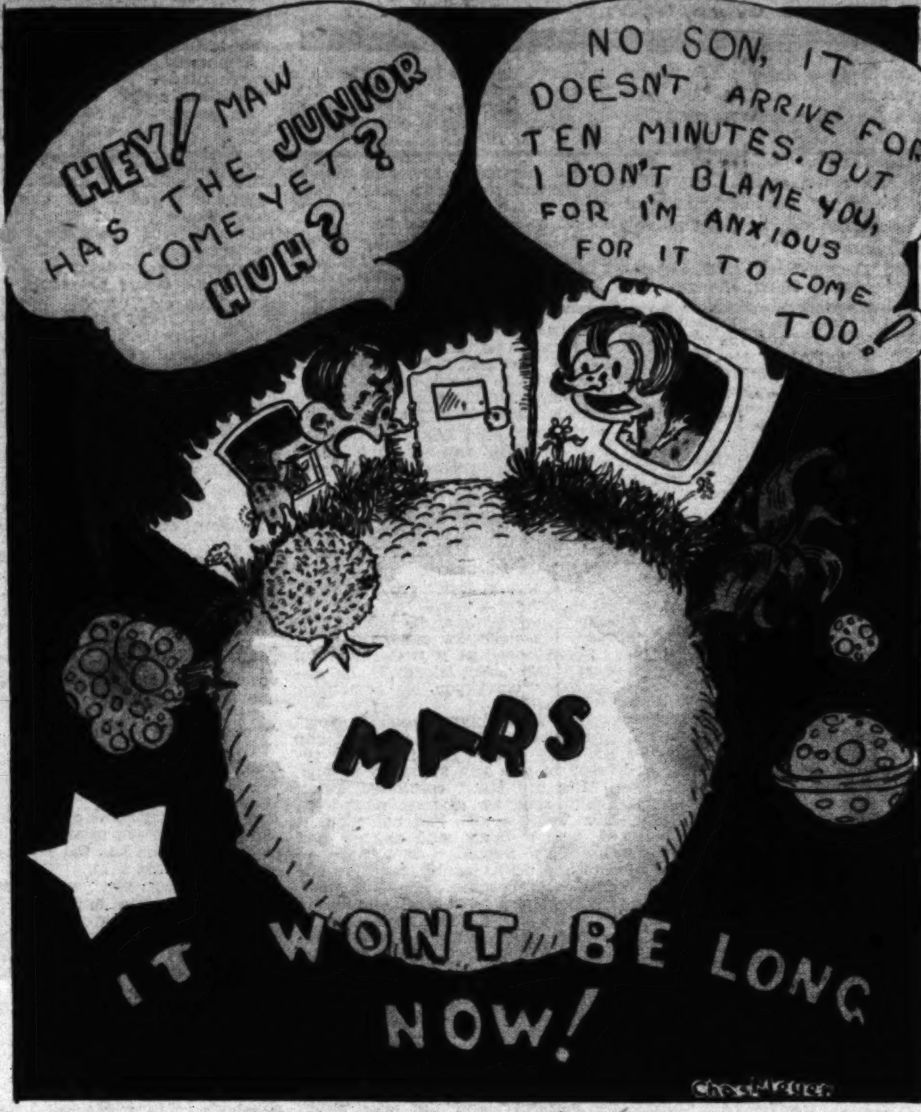
It was nearing 11 o'clock. Alex sat by the living-room window, carried away by magic of the bok of pirate tales. Anne was in the kitchen, the pink glass beads glowing about her throat, while she tenderly basted the plump duck.

The doorbell rang. It was the reporter, bearing a copy of the morning paper. On his face there was a shining look. "Greetings of the season!" he sang, "I thought I'd dash over with an autographed copy of the masterpiece, and he offered Anne the paper, which contained the story her picture had inspired.

The door to the kitchen stood wide open. The reporter sniffed appreciatively. "I've been told that you're a marvelous cook," he said. The girl's eyes twinkled. She looked exactly like the picture on the magazine cover.

"Of course," the reporter continued, gravely, "I didn't intend to stay for dinner, but if you really insist—"

Alex jumped up, excitedly, "Oh, Anne," he cried, "now we have everything! A tree, and presents, and company for dinner!"



By Charles Meyer, Covina Union High School

BUZZ

By Antonio C. Correa.

This is a very old game, but is always a very great favorite. The more the players the greater the fun. The players sit in a circle and begin to count in turn, but when the number "7" or any other number in which the figure seven or any multiple of seven is reached, they say "Buzz," instead of whatever the number may be. If any one of the players forgets to say "Buzz" at the proper time, he is out. When seventy is reached, they are called "Buzz one," "Buzz two," and so on. But it is very seldom that this stage is reached, because once a mistake is made, the count must be taken back to 1.

Released for a flight across France a pigeon belonging to David Cornely, of Wattrelos, France, recently arrived at Windsor, Canada, and is believed to have flown across the Atlantic.

For taking a stolen flight in an airplane from Worthy Down Aerodrome, Winchester, England, William C. Baldwin was recently sentenced to six months' detention.

Los Angeles Times-Playground Aircraft League.
Headquarters: The Times Building.
First and Broadway, Los Angeles.

Please enroll me as a League member.

(Note: The Los Angeles Times-Playground Aircraft League is a permanent organization, but if you wish to be a league pioneer you had better enroll now. (The age limit is 11 to 21 years.)

My name is: ....
(Sign here)

Address: ...., Los Angeles
House number and street)

Signature of father, mother or guardian:

....

Aunt Dolly's Letter Box

Dearest Aunt Dolly:

What a wonderful person you are and what a wonderful club you have. I can't ever tell you how happy I was when I received that enticing check and saw my story in the Junior a few weeks ago.

I have a typewriter now so you won't have to puzzle over my abominable handwriting any more. It certainly is a help in sending in things and they they look so much nicer.

This is all for now except to say that "The Magic City" is just as clever as ever. Thank you again for your precious help.

Lovingly,
[Signed]
ELIZABETH NEIPP,
Los Angeles.

Dear Aunt Dolly:

I have been, in theory, if not in practice, a member of the J.T.C., for a long time. But I want to really join, and I hope that you will send me the blanks, etc.

I think that you are the head of a marvelous organization, to which I'm going to be as proud as a peacock to belong.

Writing is my "forte"—poems, essays, short stories, impressions. Oh! I love it all.

I hope I hear soon, Aunt Dolly,
Another new niece,
[Signed] LOIS ELLIOT,
Montebello.

Dear Aunt Dolly:

Just a note to tell you I would like to enter your club. If you will please send me the blanks to fill out. I am reading the story, "The Magic City," and enjoy it ever so much. But the only thing I don't like about it is, that, when the most exciting part comes, it says "To be continued."

Hoping to hear from you soon.
Yours,
[Signed]
OLGA NICOLICH,
Los Angeles.

Dear Aunt Dolly:

I got your letter, and at first I was very much disappointed that my story was not taken, but, some how, when I read about the firm hand, I decided to write with a firmer hand yet. Today I am sending you a poem, which I had made up all by myself. Kipling's and O. Henry stories are my best, but I never did get a chance to read many of O. Henry's stories, though he is my very best author. Doesn't he write fine stories? He makes a person feel happy or sad. He sure is one of the best for short stories. How did you ever write a story like "Magic City," Auntie? I can tell stories, but when it comes to writing them, not so good. Many times I make up stories, and tell them to my friends, but, some how, I can't write them. I believe I am taking up too much of your time, so here goes my best wishes.

Your friend,
[Signed]
STELLA ZAREMBA,
Los Angeles.

Dearest Aunt Dolly:

I read your paper every Sunday, and would like very much to join your club. In the magazines there are many clubs, which I read about, but I think yours is the best of all. I read every speck of your paper and solve every riddle in it. On Sunday I always save it till the last, for dessert.

I'm sending you a story and two poems. The story I have written recently, intending to send it too. One poem I composed when I was 9 years of age, and the other I wrote tonight. Must close now, but I am hoping that you will accept my masterpieces, and that I will hear from you soon, letting me join your great, wonderful club.

Hopefully,
MARGUERITE KRAUSE,
Los Angeles.

Dear Aunt Dolly:

Here's Priscilla, and if there ever was anything sweeter, I'd like to see it. Please send her back again to me. Well, I have to go to school now, so good-by.

Love, from,
[Signed]
CLARITA DOLE,
Riverside.

Dearest Aunt Dolly:

I am sending in some original poems. They are: "Still a Girl" and "When I Feel Sad." I have been trying to write some poetry for Group A, that is, if it is good enough for Group A. How many points have I?

"The Magic City" is swell, and so is "The Cracked Mirror." I wish you would start your diary again. It was so interesting before. I am not the only one that wants you to.

My girl friend has been waiting to join the club for some time. She is sending in a letter soon. She can certainly write poetry and draw. I hope I will soon have my thirty points. I am trying for that 300!

Your loving niece,
[Signed]
ETHEL SANDERSON,
Los Angeles.

Dear Aunt Dolly:

I have read your wonderful paper for about two years, and I enjoy reading the stories, poems, and jokes. I think "The Magic City" and "The Cracked Mirror" are simply wonderful. I would like to join your club and be a faithful member. I am 14 years old.

Lovingly,
[Signed]
BETTY MORRISON,
Los Angeles

Dear Aunt Dolly:

I wrote you a letter last Sunday to ask if I might be admitted to your wonderful club. Of course, I have not received an answer yet, but I thought I would send in a drawing. I hope that I win some points for it.

I think that the Junior is delightful. "The Magic City" is nice, and "The Cracked Mirror" very thrilling. Those are my favorites, but, of course, that doesn't mean that I don't enjoy everything else also.

All my homework is done, so I guess I'll turn in. Oodles of love from your would-be niece.

[Signed]
MARIAN GRIMES,
Alhambra

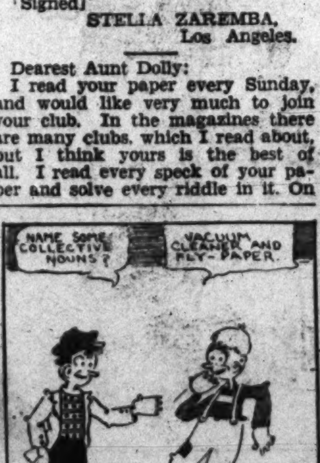
Dearest Aunt Dolly:

The other evening when I came home from school, I found your most welcome letter. Immediately I devoured its contents greedily. Lately I have been quite busy. I have been making use of my small talents. Perhaps other juniors could also make money as I have.

It takes bristol board for the cards, and paints, also a store of original ideas, and verses. I have made one birthday card, and fifty-eight Christmas cards. The best ones I sold for 5 cents each, and the others two for 5 cents.

Your adorable "Magic City." How can you write such a wonderful story? It makes dignified people, who think they have forgotten how to appreciate fanciful talents, chuckle with glee at dear little Squirmy's capers. I'm sure the little folks think it is quite the best story they ever heard of.

Lovingly yours,
[Signed]



Fifty years old and the mother of six children, Mrs. Elizabeth Hanson, England, learned to swim and is now so proficient that she is teaching other women.

EATABLE YULE LOGS

By Alice George, Santa Monica

To make these Yule logs, you will need to follow a good recipe for fruit cake, and bake your cakes in one-pound baking powder cans. I used the recipe given below. It will make six and one-half pounds of cake. Be sure to line your cans with paper, and oil them well. I used ordinary waxed paper in mine.

FRUIT CAKE

One cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, three cupfuls of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of grape juice, four eggs, one and one-half pound of seedless raisins, one-quarter pound of candied orange peel, one-half pound of candied citron, one-half pound of candied cherries, one-half pound of almonds.

Blanch and cut the almonds in half. Cut all the fruit in small pieces also. Cream butter in a very large bowl, gradually adding the sugar. Add the molasses, and then the slightly beaten eggs. Sift your flour and soda together and take one-half cupful of the mixture and sift it over your almonds and fruit. Add the two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour alternately with the grape juice, to the creamed mixture. Lastly, add the fruit mixture, and mix well. Pour into your lined cans, and bake at 325 deg. for three hours. These cakes should be made two or three weeks before they are to be eaten. If they are put in an air-tight box they will keep for months.

Note: If you have no pastry flour, you can use two and two-thirds of a cupful of bread flour, sifted, with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch instead of the pastry flour

Just before Christmas, take out your cakes, and frost them roughly with chocolate icing. Scrape some sweet milk chocolate over your logs to make them appear real. Get a spray of artificial holly at the 15-cent store, and tie it with a dainty red ribbon over the middle of your log. When packed, in pretty Christmas boxes, these logs make clever Christmas gifts.

Seventy of the ninety-two known elements of which the universe is made are metals.

In the last five years the size of the Duke University Library has more than doubled from 80,000 catalogued volumes to 155,000 catalogued and 25,000 uncatalogued volumes.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Impudence has no excuse;
It never is a bit of use.
—[Old Mother Nature.

Flip, the bright-eyed little wire-haired terrier who had come to Farmer Brown's to live, was gradually becoming more acquainted with the country. You see, he had come straight from the city and knew little of country ways and country people. Otherwise he would not have so rashly taken old Mr. Toad into his mouth. He would not have chased Bumble the Bee and he would not have sat down on the home of the Yellowjackets. All these things he had done, but he never would again.

"My, what a lot there is to learn!" said Flip to Bowser the Hound. "The country certainly is a funny place. Every day I see something or some one I've never seen before. My, how I do love to chase some of the little people around here!"

"I would be a little particular as to whom I chased," said Bowser.

"Don't worry," replied Flip. "I'll never chase anybody bigger than myself."

"If you'll take my advice—the advice of one who knows," replied Bowser, "you won't chase every one smaller than yourself. There are some people that it is just as well to be polite to."

"Huh!" replied Flip. "Huh! If they're bigger than I am, I'll be polite to them, but I've never seen any one yet smaller than myself that I felt that I had to be polite to."

"How about Bumble the Bee?" asked Bowser slyly.

Flip looked as he felt, which was a little bit foolish. "Oh, of course," said he, "I didn't mean any one like Bumble the Bee or those Yellowjackets. I meant people who wear fur coats as you and I do."

"I can think of one of those that I, personally, should be very polite to if I should meet him," said Bowser.

"Who?" demanded Flip.

"I'll point him out to you sometime," said Bowser.

"Why not tell me who he is now?" demanded Flip.

Bowser grinned. "Wait till we meet him," said he. And that was all that Flip could get from him.

It was later that very day that Flip took it into his head to go over into the Old Orchard. In the far corner of it he suddenly came upon a stranger. This stranger was smaller than himself, but not very much smaller. He was dressed in black and white. He had a wonderful tail. At first sight of him Flip stopped. "A cat!" he exclaimed under his breath. "A cat! It's a long time since I've had a chance to chase a cat. I'll put that fellow up a tree, or else I'll catch him."

Suiting action to the words, Flip bounded forward barking his loudest. He expected to see this cat run. He was rather taken aback when the black and white stranger didn't run at all. In fact, he went on about his business, without paying the least attention to Flip. Flip didn't know what to make of this. Never in his life had he been treated this way before. He stopped and stared at the stranger and the stranger didn't even take the trouble to look at him. Then Flip began to jump about the stranger, all the time barking in a most excited way. There was something about the stranger that gave Flip an uneasy feeling. He hesitated to rush in and grab and shake the stranger to death. But as the stranger continued to pay no attention to him, Flip became bolder. He became bolder and more impudent. He growled and he barked and he snarled. He made dreadful threats.

Bowser, sitting by the kitchen door, heard the fuss and started out to investigate. When he got down in the Old Orchard and saw who it was that Flip was being so impudent with, Bowser just sat down with a grin on his face. Said he, talking to himself: "Something is going to happen. I wish it would happen farther away. But if Flip can stand it I guess the rest of us can."

The Magic City by Aunt Dolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ED/SHULTZ

"You are the most selfish person in toyland," scolded Lila Lee, "and I've a mind to leave you right here the rest of your life."

Capt. So and So, stretched lazy legs before the warm fire. "Wish you meant it," he said; "think of that fool fish out in the darkness freezing to death."

"And Bungle-Bug," sniffed Gandy, "poor little thing, she must be suffering horribly."

"That's just it," argued the painted officer, "she is suffering, and now you want me to suffer, looking for them. Well, I won't. If you people haven't any sense, my head may be wood, but, nevertheless, I can't see such a journey."

Winkie, lolling before the fire, pinched Peter's arm. "You could have one of our prettiest boats to sail in," he offered, "it's over there in the corner."

Capt. So and So cast cross-eyes upon it. "Looks like a cask, with a package of tooth picks," he announced, "what are those things sticking out of its sides?" Winkle was horrified at his question.

"That is our masterpiece. A Spanish Galleon, going to Madrid, made especially for a baby prince, and here you insult our work. Who ever heard of such a thing?" And he moved away from the wooden soldier, in the highest of tempers. Capt. So and So, however, was too conceited to realize he had offended Santa's head workman.

"But those prickly things," he insisted, "sticking out of the sides, what are they?"

"Oars," announced Peter, in a hollow voice, "honestly, Cap, you're as ignorant as a wood rat."

Instantly, a fuzzy little creature, wearing red pants, hopped out of the shavings. "Ignorant," he repeated, licking his whiskers, "who calls me ignorant?"

"Beg pardon," Peter was at his best when apologizing, "beloved little friend in the woodpile, I was merely trying to make this conceited gent lose some of his puffiness."

The rat gave him a terrible look. "Why use my name?" he asked crossly, and demanded some cabbage soup. Peter kept talking to him, in his lovable foolish way, until the rat felt so good natured, they played a game of hide and seek. Lila watched them with wrinkled brows.

"Now that you two have made up your quarrel, what about Squirmy?"

Capt. Hook jammed on his vicious-looking hat, and polished his knife until it shone. "Me, I'm ready always. A Spanish brig suits my reputation, let's launch in the ocean, and be gone. I'd look like a real pirate, standing on the bridge." Capt. So and So giggled behind his tin sword, and Winkie hid behind the Lion's back. Peter alone spread his tiny legs, and looked solemn as could be.

"Three cheers for Santa," he ordered, and when the walls trembled with the Tiny People's cries, "Three ho's for our ship, and the fish we're bound to rescue."

"Three Ho's," shouted the peppermint drops, and the chocolate-coated workmen. Even the animals and the drums, and the whistling birds, with silver keys in their breasts, added hearty applause.

"Lovely," cried Lila, "I'll kiss you all," and she ran among them, throwing her pretty arms about their necks. The parrot, living in his lonely corner, destined always to be a bachelor, blushed until his wings turned scarlet, but what cared Lila-Lee. Wasn't Squirmy about to be rescued?

"Now that's over," growled Capt. Hook, hiding a smile, "off with the ship," and he started pulling the huge toy from its corner.

Peter looked at it with doubtful eyes. "My dear friends," he announced "can't you see something is wrong?"

"It's all wrong, especially you," growled Capt. So and So, filling up his soup bowl. The fairy boy refused to pay any attention to him.

"It's the size," continued Peter, "we'd sink in a moment." Now, Lila, being a girl, had not thought of such a thing, and neither had the Tiny People, who were so small, a dozen could stand on the deck, and become lost. But Capt. Hook wiggled his black eyebrows until he looked most ferocious.

"Sad, very sad," he exclaimed, and the little gray rat in the corner began to weep.

"Whoever Squirmy is, he must be saved," he insisted.

"Right!" Lila was stamping her foot with anger, "think, Peter, what shall we do?"

"Do—why, Magic it, of course, after it gets in the water. What could be simpler?" and the mischievous boy in his bottle green jacket, winked slyly at the parrot.

"All right," shouted the tiny people, and propped open their huge door, sliding the ship into the courtyard. From then on, it was no trick at all to get it into the ocean, where it bobbed back and forth, like a shiny cork.

"Beautiful," cried the Princess, "Isn't it a gorgeous boat to sail in?

[illegible] alone."

The gnomes bowed respectfully before him, and swept off their frelly caps in a swaggerish manner. Then they crept behind the briar wood gate, and hid behind Lila's petticoats, while they watched Peter hop up and down in the snow.

"Oh hokuspokus, jiggerakomus,
Elephants' hides for sale," he chanted—
"Make me a ship, a sturdy ship,
As strong as a cougar's tail,
Line it with tin, and everything,
To breast the winter gale.
Oh hokuspokus, jiggerakomus,
To breast an icy gale."

Winkle poked a nut bar in his side. "Some magic!" he chuckled. Peter was flying above the ship now, in large circles, sprinkling gold powder upon its deck, and in one, two, three, before you could snap a finger, the ship began to creak and groan, its sides bulged like a plum pudding, boards snapped in two, the flag stretched a yard, and the finest, grandest Spanish galleon imaginable lay before them. There were even lights within the portholes, and a strange crew sitting at the oars. Lila clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Peter," she cried, "Peter, you darling, adorable boy!" and down he flew, to get his thimble, flapping his arms, as he crowed with delight.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," he chirped. "Oh, the cleverness of me. See my beautiful ship," and he pointed to a gangplank that had just been created. "Come aboard," he invited, and the Tiny People were so wild with delight, they fell over each other, tripping and crying, laughing and shouting as the crew began to sing:

"We're rough, we are,
We're terribly tough,
Our reputation's shocking.
We pilot this ship,
With a noble flip,
And never wear shoes or stockings!"

But Lila did not mind their foolish jingles. She was too much concerned with the ship.

"Isn't it heavenly!" wept Gandy-Goose, crying from happiness. "Now we'll travel in comfort. Look, my dear, there's a kitchen, and everything." But the Princess did not have to be coaxed to investigate. She had dropped into the hold, and the captain's cabin, and the store room, and the place where they kept powder and ram rods. In fact, she had opened door upon door, crying and exclaiming, as she discovered new treasures. As for the Tiny People, they were swarming up the ladders, and over the deck, and into the lower part of the galleon, where the crew sat waiting at their oars. It was all too wonderful! Peter had created a masterpiece!

"Where's Hook?" he wanted to know, but a thunderous voice from the bow of the boat soon advised him that the pirate captain was in full command.

"Peter," he roared, "off with the people, and on with the voyage." But, had he listened a little more carefully, he would have heard the waves saying, "Beware, brave one—beware." The icy crags about them, shining with the blue light that comes in the North, added their bit of advice. "Your ship is not as solid as she looks." But, what cared the bold pirate, in his three-colored shirt, with cutlass and pistol at his side. He was sailing in a great cause, and nothing could daunt his courage.

Therefore, he gave strict orders to empty the ship, then to load her with casks of water, sticks of peppermint, hardtack and tea. When this was done, the swarthy crew gave a last cheer, and the proud galleon dipped her nose in the sea. . . .

(To be Continued)

Use the Key Below in Solving This Puzzle by Albert Kaelin

AUTUMN WAIL

By Helen Siebenthal, Age 17 Years, Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis.

The leaves all rustled round my head,
And each and every cool leaf said,
"Oh, love, oh, love, oh, love is dead!"
In spring that love was new . . .
And out of its fresh hue
A closer kinship grew.
In summer . . . with each rose
My love grew more repose.
It goes when summer goes.
And as the leaves o'er head
Rustled and shook and said,
"Oh, love, my love is dead."
I sighed a bit; I cried a bit;
I knew the empty loss of it;
But its dying flame a brighter lit.

A willow tree at Iver Heath, Eng., has growing from it a mulberry tree, a cherry tree, and a gooseberry bush.

What Is Wrong?

At first sight perhaps this homely, or rather, officely, scene of a man peacefully working at his desk is perfectly all right. But if you look closely you will see that our artist has made several bad mistakes. For example, the question mark on the sign is obviously the wrong punctuation mark. Altogether, there are eleven mistakes. Can you find the remaining ten? (Answer on Page 8.)

OPPORTUNITY

By Robert Hanson, Long Beach.

We can always take advantage of an opportunity, but we do not always know an opportunity when we see it. All through life we see chances to do something that will pay in the end, but we hesitate, partly because we do not know whether it will pay. Then after the chance is gone we are sorry. That is life. Yet do not look upon your past with a wistful eye, but look to the future, there are more opportunities. Opportunities are everywhere all the time, but we do not always recognize them. Some people make opportunities, some people take advantage of an opportunity at once, some see an opportunity but hesitate, some wait for opportunities to come then do not recognize them when they are open to them. Still we do not see anyone who has acquired fame, wealth or happiness that in their past they did not take an advantage of an opportunity. Those who hesitate may again have a chance, take advantage of it and win, but seldom. Fate controls one's success if one controls his fate.

Opportunities are open to us for only a very short time yet we have an opportunity to take advantage of an opportunity in every day of our life. Not one day goes by that we do not have the opportunity to do something, great or small. There is at least one big opportunity open to everyone in his or her life. This usually means success if acted upon immediately and in the right way. Everyone has practically the same chance to become a real man or woman. This is an opportunity, take advantage of it.

President Roosevelt established the first Federal bird reservation.

In the last year Hunstanton, Eng., which has hundreds of thousands of visitors and heavy motor traffic, has had only one street accident where medical attention was needed, and no street fatalities.

The Cracked Mirror

by Alex Melancon

ILLUSTRATED BY ED BENEDICT

The livid-faced individual standing upon the trap door, sprang back, as though he had been struck by a bullet.

"What's that?" he asked, through his teeth, then, slowly edged toward the door. Tommy could not suppress a triumphant grin.

"It won't be long now," he promised, flippantly, "when our friends below warm things up, they stay in that condition for quite a while."

"Is that so?" The man, irritated by his composure, swung sharply toward him. "Well, two can play at that game. Didn't I promise you a ride?" Tommy turned his head ever so little, possibly a quarter of an inch, toward Chico, so that he could catch the warning in his eyes. The situation was coming to a crisis—this he knew, as the man standing before him, seemed in deadly earnest. A gun, concealed in his right-hand pocket, was still leveled menacingly toward the boys. Chico drew a long breath, but did not move. Tommy searched for his handkerchief.

"None of that," the stranger growled, "no fumbling in coats allowed."

"Wonder why he's taking his time, and not closing in on us," thought Tommy, and grew doubly cautious, as the man hesitated, as though listening for a signal. One came, but not the type they expected. Two bullets were aimed at the trap door, struck it, and became buried.

"Can't get it," panted Chico—"It seems too good to be true."

The three figures in the kitchen, tense with feeling, acted as though a tiny spring lay coiled in their bodies. Each of them spun about, wordless, nerves taut.

"Come on," ordered the white-faced individual, "clear out." Chico wondered at Tommy's good-natured obedience. He moved swiftly toward the door, his friend following.

"Run for your life," whispered Tommy, reaching the verandah, "it's our one chance." And down the steps he leaped, three at a time, finding himself on a moist pavement. For fifty feet possibly, all was still. Too still, it seemed unearthly—with no one pursuing them, or making an effort to obstruct their getaway. And yet, the boys were not lulled into a sense of safety. This, they felt, was merely one more trap, into which they had neatly fallen.

"Can't get it," panted Chico coming shoulder to shoulder with Tommy. "It seems too good to be true." They had turned the corner, and were running at top speed, when a white light pierced the darkness about them.

"Psst!" warned Tommy, and flattened himself against the iron grating of an office building. Chico followed suit, and grasped Tommy's hand in a paroxysm of fear. The white light was fumbling, flashing, swinging back and forth, in search of their bodies. When it found them, they discovered it came from the searchlight of a steel-colored car, driven by a red-headed girl.

"Annie," shouted Tommy, "she's the one who got us in all this trouble."

She was smiling at them, in a sinister, calculating way. "Seem in a hurry," she laughed, "how about a ride?"

"Nothing doing!" Tommy, as he spat the words out, was surprised at the crispness of his own voice. It carried a note of challenge, that was not greatly amiss, at this particular moment.

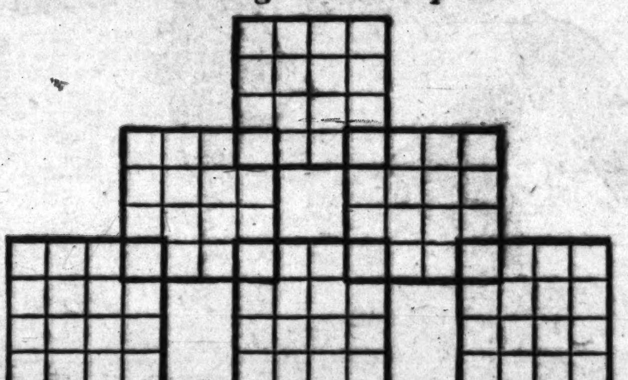
"No?" Annie got slowly out of the automobile, an automatic gleaming in her hand. "I'd hate to kidnap you," she threatened, "but I suppose it has to be done. Buck doesn't like little boys who know too much." As she spoke, a tall, well-groomed man, clothed in dove gray, stepped from the rear of the car. His felt hat set at a swaggerish angle, and silk tie bespoke the citified dandy.

"Don't be rough," he cautioned, drawing close to the boys, then, his entire countenance changing, "not much." His right arm was lifted above Tommy's head, and descended with a resounding crash upon his skull. The last thing he remembered was Buck's smile—a thin-lipped, cunning smile, revealing startling perfect teeth. After that, Annie, the steel-colored car, Chico, in his threadbare suit, all seemed whirling madly into space. Tommy had crumpled up quietly on the sidewalk.

(To be Continued.)

Juniors! Can you draw three straight lines through this picture by Eleanor Becker and by so doing, put both heads and every flower in a space by itself. Answer next Sunday.

Interlocking Word-Squares



Here is a clever word-square construction composed of three squares of four words which read the same across and down. Thus, in the upper square, indicated by the heavy black line, words begin on the square numbered, 1, 2, 3 and 4 and run to the black line four squares to the right.

From 1 to 4 down is the same as 1 across, the second vertical column reads the same as 2 across, and so on. The same applies to the other two four-letter squares. Where they interlock, 5 to 4, 4 to 9 and 9 to 13 are all four-letter words. In addition, from 5 to 13 is one ten-letter word. The definitions for the horizontal word (which are the same as the corresponding vertical ones) are as follows:

1. In bed
2. Suitor
3. Organs of hearing
4. Particles of dirt
5 to 4. In the rear
6. Mental image
7. Trim
8. Appointment
9 to 13. Makes brown
10. Amount of space
11. Tidy
12. Satisfy
5 to 13. Asiatic country (Poss.)

Constructing a word-square is a lot of fun. You can make it any size you want, and the interlocking squares can be arranged into any symmetrical design. If you would like to make one, send it in.

(Answer on Page 8)

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

ARTISTS' CLUB

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Frank Train, Irving Spector, Rodell Johnson, John Liggera, Tom Otani, George Krisvoy, Bob Hammerly, Arly Studebaker, Eleanor Becker, Albert Kaelin, Myrtle McIntyre, Elmer Wait, Barney Kahn, Joseph Salak, Ralph Butterfield.

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Articles of Interest: "Unique Facts," Vernon Miller; "Nature Oddities," Helen Warson; Puzzles, Helen Walton, Ione Winey, Joe Meyers.

Recipes: Dorothy Dertina, Dora Izuel, Eleanor de Vica.

Editorial: Elmer Mateus, "Courtesy," Joe Meyer; "Rubber," Margaret Sherman; "The Productive Pacific Slope."

GROUP B

Stories: "The Little French Doll," Avalee Durham; "Halloween Surprise," Marion Fowler; "Interesting Experience," Norma Kaschub; "Night of Wind," Ruth Bell; "Shell-Shocked," Dorothy Dertina; "The Home," Arthur Ballozos; "Ten Little Jam Pots," Lois Stephens; "Cecily's Xmas Wish," Sarah Cutler; "Patricia's First Christmas," Glyndale Walsh; "The Candy Cat," Beatrice Shepard; "Hiss and Miss," Hilda Gables; "Haunted Clubhouse," Margaret Zengel.

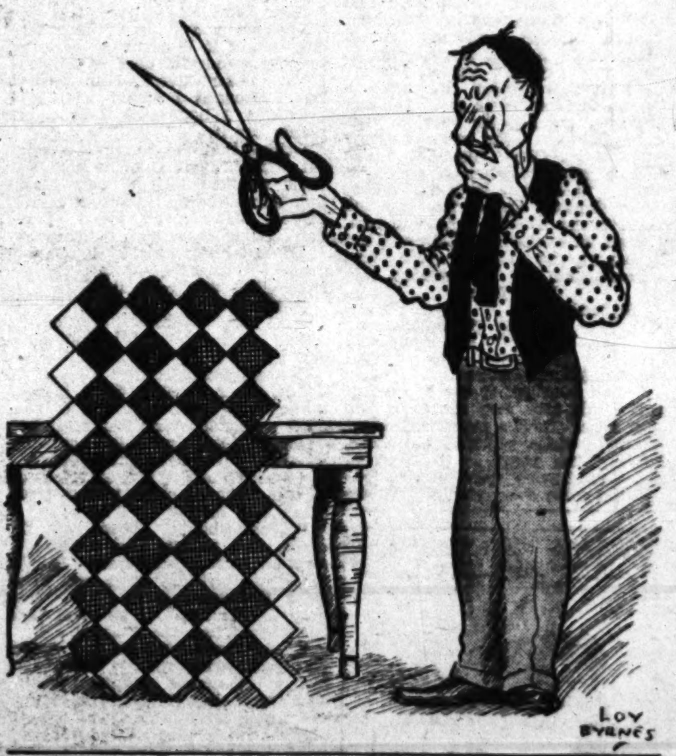
Editorial: "The First Thanksgiving in America," Alice George.

Poems: "Halloween," Mary Burlingame; "Nature," James Forshay; "Stars," Emily Higgins; "Dreaming," "The First Armistice," Carl Kondo; "When I Feel Sad," Ethel Sanderson; Windy Day, Esther Sherman.

Riddles, jokes, games, puzzles, etc.: Elise Koplin, Geraldine Prickett.

The Linoleum Patch

BY SAM LOYD



"The Missus sets me many a puzzle," sighed Mr. Binks, "but this one is a corker. She hands me this notchy piece of lionleum and asks me to have it made into a nice square patch for the kitchen floor.

In this instance, at least, it was no miracle that Mrs. Binks demanded of her good man. If Binks is adept at linoleum patching he will cut that notchy piece into only three pieces, which when put together will form a perfect square. What is more, the checkerboard pattern will be preserved. Can you show him how to do it? (Answer on Page 8.)

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY -:- History of Banking in America, PART 2 -:- By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD

Another Page in This Series Next Sunday. Save Them! They Will Be Valuable in Your School Work, as Well as for Home Study

ANSWERS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES

INTERLOCKING SQUARES

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      ABED
      BEAU
      EARS
HINDUSTANS
IDEA  AREA
NEAT  NEAT
DATE  SATE
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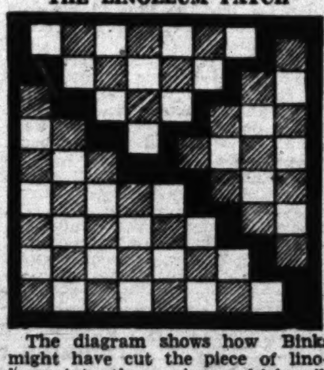
THE LINOLEUM PATCH



The diagram shows how Binks might have cut the piece of linoleum into three pieces which will fit together to form a perfect square.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Apostrophe between O and N in word DON'T on sign; phone receiver on wrong side; receiver disconnected; phone hook up when weight of receiver would keep it down; scissors could not hang from nail in position shown; handle missing from drawer; one blade of scissors too short; center screw of office chair should be threaded in order to make adjustments; castor missing from chair leg; base of wastebasket would appear round and not flat in perspective.

The Great Western Railway of England has the fastest train in the world. In a recent test it made a seventy-seven and one-fourth-mile run in seventy minutes, averaging a fraction over sixty-seven miles an hour in the trip from Cheltenham to London.

Three thousand typewriters incorporating the new Turkish alphabet have been shipped to Constantinople from this country. It is less than a year since Mustapha Kemal Pasha issued a decree abolishing the old Arabic alphabet.

The Howard Hospital of Philadelphia was the first in the United States to prescribe that each member of its medical staff should devote himself exclusively to one specialty in his work at the hospital.

Sharks' teeth are used as currency in some of the Pacific Islands.

Until 1924 the forests in Carpathian Ruthenia were worked at a loss. At that time they were taken over by the Czecho-Slovakian government and have become increasingly profitable with each year. A system of scientific cutting and replanting has been established in addition to economical running of the state sawmills.

Although the chief occupation of Bosnia is agriculture, primitive methods of caring for the land still prevail. The natives sleep and work in their clothes and live in one-story ramshackle houses with low ceilings and no windows.

England is to try the experiment of eliminating by government regulation the nerve-racking street noises caused by motor horns, clattering trucks, cutouts and roaring motorcycles.

Native villages of Central Asia now have their motion-picture houses.

Scientists aver that the best age for learning is from 15 to 25, but learning capacity at 40 is but little less than at 20 years.

STAMP NEWS OF THE DAY

By Carl Kondo, Los Angeles.

The Postoffice Department announces that postage stamps are to lose their bitter flavor soon.

Through a series of experiments they have at last succeeded in eliminating the bitterness from the "stickum" (gum.) The experiments will continue in the hope that a pleasant flavor may eventuate.

The first progress was gained by a process whereby the stamps are printed one day and gummed later, after they have dried thoroughly. In the old method the stamps were printed and gummed at the same time, the result being partial absorption by the gum of the flavors of wet paper and ink.

The gum is made from the cassava plant, chiefly grown in the tropics, and in Florida. The name is West Indian. It is a large, shrubby plant, and in Peru it is called Yucca. The plant grows in a bushy form, usually six to eight feet high, and about that round. The crop matures in about seven months, and the roots are harvested by hand. There are two varieties of cassava, poisonous and the nonpoisonous, or sweet. All varieties are good to eat, the poison being driven off by heat. From the roots glucose is taken, also, and made into glue.

Ten of the eleven children of William J. Hassall, a retired school teacher who died recently at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Eng., are school teachers.

London has now a population equal to that of Belgium and almost equal to the whole of Scotland.

In Germany each year about four thousand persons request official permission to change their surnames.

WINNING A QUARTER

By George Asadoorian, Los Angeles.

Give a person a square piece of paper. Tell him you will give him a quarter if he can cut it in four equal pieces.

He cuts the paper into four small squares, and demands his quarter.

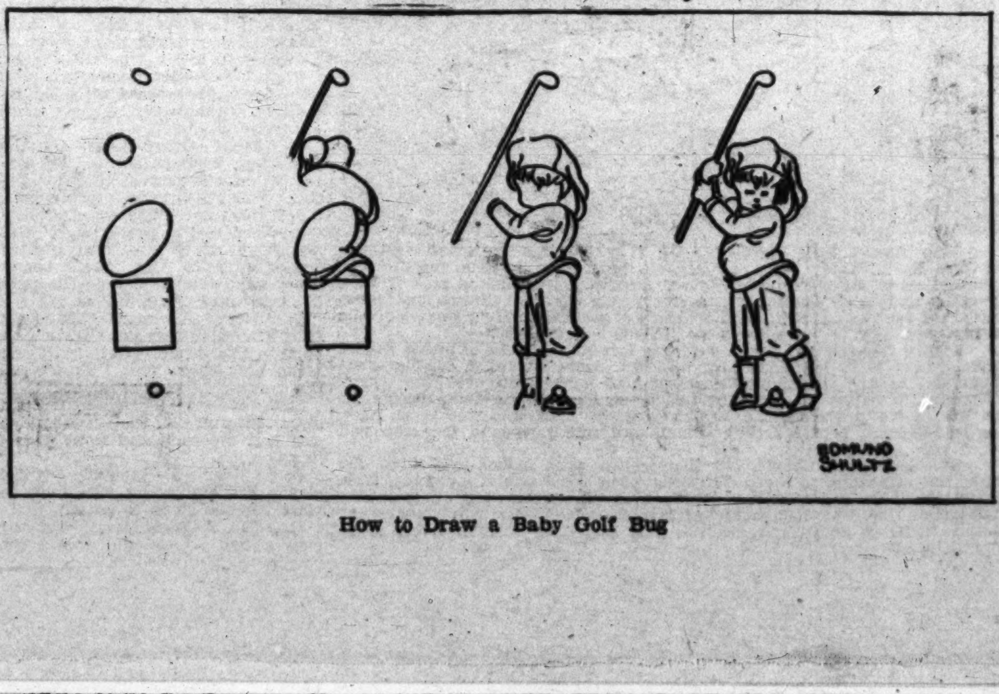
You take the four pieces, examine them, and give him one, saying, "There's your quarter."

And it is a quarter, a quarter of the original piece of paper.

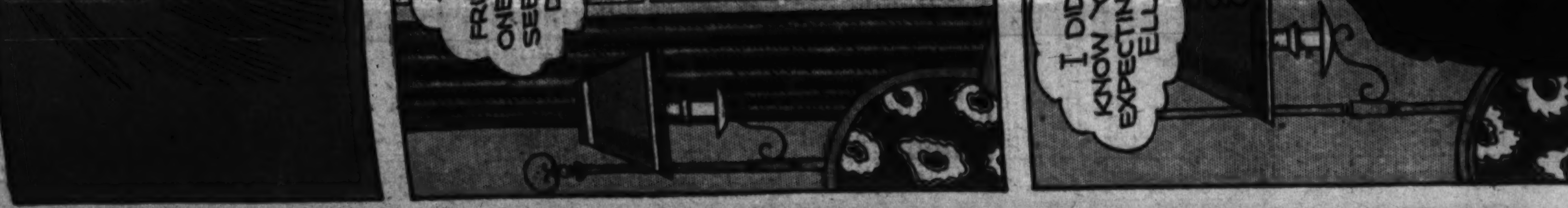
This country's commercial apple production amounted to 106,000,000 bushels in 1928, which was an increase of 28,000,000 over the previous year.

Britain's oldest clergyman has been found in Rev. Denham Rowe Norman of Lichfield, Eng., who recently celebrated his 101st birthday.

Pit and Pat Cartoon Stunts --- By Ed Shultz



How to Draw a Baby Golf Bug



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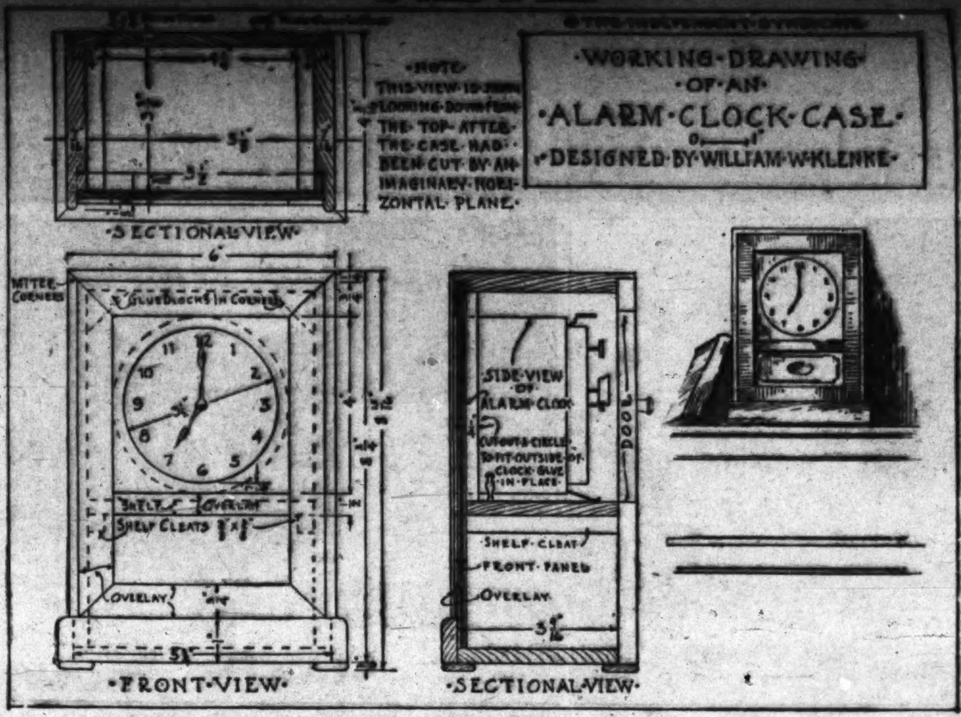
THINGS EASY TO MAKE



Article No. 6

ALARM-CLOCK CASE

Today, boys, let's work on a timely subject—the making of an alarm-clock case. You will find this an easy model, useful and at the same time transforming the common alarm clock into an interesting old New England shelf clock which you will be proud to have in your room.

To me, a clock is a great companion; with its regular tick, like the beat of the human heart, I can almost imagine that it lives. Let your clock run down and you will soon notice the quiet in the room—there is almost a feeling of onesomeness. Then, too, if you sleep as deeply as most boys do, you will find this old reliable friend, the alarm clock, on the job every morning to awaken you. Set the alarm clock on a shelf so you will have to get out of bed to shut off the noisy alarm; once you have waked up enough to do that, you will be content to stay up.

Use any stock-size alarm clock; the one illustrated is about four inches in diameter. If your clock is a different size, you can slightly change a few of the measurements, so as to make the case fit the clock.

Almost any wood can be used for this project and since it requires so little material, you may want to select some choice-grained mahogany, walnut or other beautiful wood, or a material to match the rest of your furniture.

You will require the following pieces of wood, called "stock." The dimensions given will be finished measurements, which means you must allow for planing the stock to the exact sizes and smooth surfaces.

Two side pieces, 7-16 inch by 4 3-16 inches by 8 3-4 inches. One top piece, 7-16 inch by 4 3-16 inches by 6½ inches.

One front panel, 2-16 inch by 5½ inches by 8 3-16 inches.

One back, 3-8 inch by 5 3-4 inches by 8 5-8 inches.

One door, 3-8 inch by 4 1-4 inches by 4 inches.

One shelf, 5-16 inch by 3 3-8 inches by 5 1-8 inches.

One bottom, 5-16 inch by 3 9-16 inches by 5 3-4 inches.

Two cleats, 3-8 inch by 3-8 inch by 3 3-8 inches.

One piece overlay, 1-8 inch by 3-4 inch by 5 3-4 inches.

One piece overlay, 1-8 inch by 1 3-4 inches by 5 3-4 inches.

Two pieces overlay, 1-8 inch by 3-4 inch by 7 3-4 inches.

One piece overlay, 1-8 inch by ½ inch by 4 inches.

Two pieces of base, 3-8 inch by 1 inch by 4½ inches.

One piece of base 3-8 inch by 1 inch by 7 inches.

Four feet, 3-16 inch by 3-4 inch by 3-4 inch.

Two brass butts, 3-4 inch by 3-4 inch.

One knob, 3-8 inch.

Step No. 1—Outside Case: Plane and smooth the two sides and the top piece to the correct size indicated on the drawing. You will notice that there is a rabbet (a step) cut out on the front of the top and side pieces to receive the front panel and one in the back to receive the back piece. Use a rabbet plane or plow to cut these steps; then round up the front edge.

Step No. 2—Joints: Use your miter box and cut the corner joints. You will have to touch up these cuts with your block plane to make a perfect fit and a true miter joint.

Step No. 3—Sandpaper: Smooth up these three pieces with No. ½ and No. 0 sandpaper. Fasten shelf cleats in place.

Step No. 4—Other stock: Cut the front and back panels to the correct sizes, allowing a little for fitting, after the outside case has been glued together. Also cut the bottom piece to the proper size. Cut and fit in place the front overlay strips; glue to the front board, using hand clamps to hold the strip in place until the glue has set.

Step No. 5—Assemble (first step:) Glue the case together, being sure to glue the corner block in place; make a rubbed joint. Square up the corners carefully.

Step No. 6—Assemble (second step:) Fit and nail the bottom; glue and nail the back and front panels in place.

Step No. 7—Assemble (third step:) Fit and screw the shelf in place for the clock to set on.

Step No. 8—Base strips: Cut the base strips to size and round the

[illegible]

Step No. 11—Cleaning Up: Remove all excess glue and do the final cleaning up by sandpapering with No. 0 and No. 00 sandpaper. The last sandpapering should be done by holding the paper in the palm of the hand and slightly round all sharp corners.

Step No. 12—Finishing: Apply a coat of your favorite stain, either walnut, mahogany, etc.; when dry, apply a thin coat of white shellac. Sandaper lightly with No. 00 sandpaper. If an open-grain wood has been used, apply a coat of paste wood-filler, according to the directions on the can; get a filler to match your stain. Allow at least eight hours to dry. Apply two or three thin coats of white shellac, rubbing each coat when dry, lightly with No. 00 sandpaper and the last coat with pumice stone powder and crude oil.

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A Tricky Catch

This simple little catch can be very bewildering to an onlooker if you do it rapidly. You twirl your forefingers, as one twiddles his thumbs, in a small loop of string. Suddenly you bring the tips of both thumbs and both forefingers together, separate the thumb and forefinger of each hand, while still touching the corresponding fingers of the other hand, and the loop drops out. This is how to do it:

Figure 1 shows the position of the forefingers while rotating in the loop. Turn your left hand upside down, as in Figure 2, at the same time closing the thumb and forefinger of each hand over the string. Then, as in Figure 3, bring the hands together, noting that the thumb of the left hand touches the forefinger of the right, and vice versa. Now, as in Figure 4, separate each thumb and forefinger and the loop will drop out.

This looks very simple, but that is just what makes it a catch. Do the trick according to these directions while some one is watching, then hand the loop to him and tell him to do the same. He will probably not notice that your left hand was turned around when you brought the hands together, and, try as he will, that loop simply will not drop from his fingers.

VON COLEMAN, AIR ACE

By Gene R. Thompson, Santa Ana

Baron Eric Von Coleman! The very name suggests glamour, romance, adventure. But, perhaps you know him as well as I do, a daring flyer of the famous circus, led by the ace of airmen, Richthofen. Perhaps you have also heard of the momentous day, when that renowned circus encountered a vast squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. It was then that I first met Baron Von Coleman, for I, too, had spread my wings.

It all took place on a chilly November day, when a picked squadron of men, of whom I was one, winged our way into the blue, toward the front lines. A mammoth drive had been planned, and our orders were, "clear the skies of German planes," so we took off in high humor. Conquest was ours, even before we spotted the Fokker ships.

Duval saw them first, and led a spectacular flight, straight up, hoping to cut off a downward movement on their part. But he was wrong, everything seemed miscalulated. The Fokkers doubled, and headed straight for us, motors roaring, guns spitting. It was a lively racket, and took all the trick flying we knew how to do to elude the bullets launched in our own direction. Finally, one of our ships fell, spnining to the earth. The sight of it sickened me, almost tilted me overboard, then came that attack of rage, of hate, that only a flyer, zooming in the heavens, can know. I shot the nose of my ship higher and higher, finding refuge in the clouds.

At twenty thousand, I leveled off, and did a bit of blind flying, letting her go wide open, then, as the thunder of another motor reached me, I slowed down a bit. Our guns were silent, as we dodged in the clouds, then, as the German ship got uncomfortably close. I decided to end the chance I was taking, by dropping my plane 1000 feet. It brought me out of the clouds, out of uncertainty, almost abreast with a German Fokker. My guns spoke first, and the pilot went limp in

[illegible] followed. There was one chance, as far as I could see, and that was to make the earth without delay, so I sent my ship spinning downward in such a rush, the enemy seemed nonplussed.

My fuselage nipped by bullets, I leveled off. He roared on downward, and then, the tables turned. I was the pursuer, and he the pursued.

He was directly in my line of fire! My chance, and then my guns jammed! I tried to clear them, but it was useless, so I left him quickly, abruptly, the Fokker stoically in back of me, tailing me each inch of the way. One second he was above me, the next below, but I was still climbing upward, high as my nerves would allow. Then he fired, and I thought of the pilot who had crumpled in his seat, for there was a gnawing pain in my right shoulder, and my coat was beginning to show red. I had enough presence of mind, to make for the sheltering cloud bank, a trick screen that would shield me from the enemy. I was right, by artful dodging, I lost him for a few breath-taking moments, and in that time, swopped down toward our field.

But aain just as I thought victory lay in my hands, fate intervened, my motor spluttered, died. The least I could expect was a mild crack up, if nothing worse. Then, something came squarely into my vision, formidable, threatening. The sight of it, cooled my head, and dulled the pain in my shoulder. I began to think more clearly. Once more, I was facing a German Fokker. My guns were jammed, my motor dead, my shoulder nipped by a bullet! Fascinated, I stared at the huge ship before me, and somehow there seemed implanted in my mind the name "Von Coleman." Where had I seen it before? Those yellow letters painted on the fuselage of a fighting plane—where had I seen them? Then I remembered, it was my enemy ship, the one that had tailed me for an eternity and now we were riding almost parallel. Why, I wondered, didn't he use his guns—no use prolonging things.

But I had not counted on the crisis. Von Coleman looked me over coolly, deliberately, noted my disabled ship, the guns that were jammed, and with a snap of his thin lips, zoomed off toward the heavens.

Call it what you like. Fool's luck, decency, the break of a lifetime, but I shall call it good sportsmanship.

LOGIC OF A SCRUB

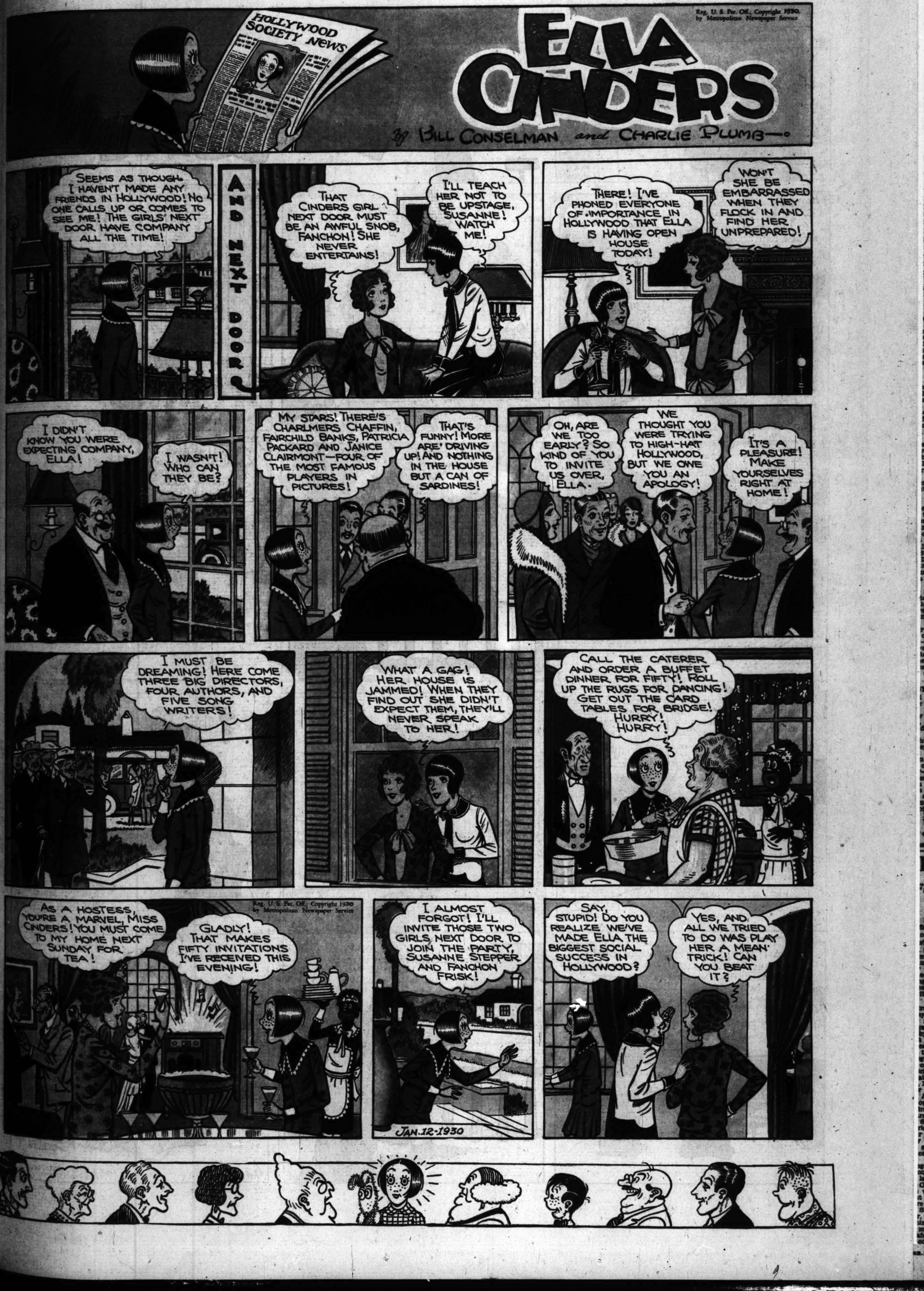
By Evelyn Sheldroke, Van Nuys

The more you study, the more that
you know
The more that you know, the more
you forget.
The more you forget, the less you
know.

Why study?

The less you study, the less you
know,
The less you know, the less you
forget.
The less you forget, the more you
know.

Why study?



HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY NEWS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright 1930, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service
ELLA CINDERS
by BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB
SEEMS AS THOUGH I HAVEN'T MADE ANY FRIENDS IN HOLLYWOOD! NO ONE CALLS UP OR COMES TO SEE ME! THE GIRLS' NEXT DOOR HAVE COMPANY ALL THE TIME!
AND NEXT DOOR
THAT CINDERS GIRL NEXT DOOR MUST BE AN AWFUL SNOB, FANCHON! SHE NEVER ENTERTAINS!
I'LL TEACH HER NOT TO BE UPSTAGE, SUSANNE! WATCH ME!
THERE! I'VE PHONED EVERYONE OF IMPORTANCE IN HOLLYWOOD THAT ELLA IS HAVING OPEN HOUSE TODAY!
WON'T SHE BE EMBARRASSED WHEN THEY FLOCK IN AND FIND HER UNPREPARED!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE EXPECTING COMPANY, ELLA!
I WASN'T! WHO CAN THEY BE?
MY STARS! THERE'S CHARLMERS CHAFFIN, FAIRCHILD BANKS, PATRICIA PACKARD AND JANICE CLAIRMONT—FOUR OF THE MOST FAMOUS PLAYERS IN PICTURES!
THAT'S FUNNY! MORE ARE DRIVING UP! AND NOTHING IN THE HOUSE BUT A CAN OF SARDINES!
OH, ARE WE TOO EARLY? SO KIND OF YOU TO INVITE US OVER, ELLA.
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO HIGH-HAT HOLLYWOOD, BUT WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!
IT'S A PLEASURE! MAKE YOURSELVES RIGHT AT HOME!
I MUST BE DREAMING! HERE COME THREE BIG DIRECTORS, FOUR AUTHORS, AND FIVE SONG WRITERS!
WHAT A GAG! HER HOUSE IS JAMMED! WHEN THEY FIND OUT SHE DIDN'T EXPECT THEM, THEY'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HER!
CALL THE CATERER AND ORDER A BUFFET DINNER FOR FIFTY! ROLL UP THE RUGS FOR DANCING! GET OUT THE CARD TABLES FOR BRIDGE! HURRY! HURRY!
AS A HOSTESS, YOU'RE A MARVEL, MISS CINDERS! YOU MUST COME TO MY HOME NEXT SUNDAY FOR TEA!
GLADLY! THAT MAKES FIFTY INVITATIONS I'VE RECEIVED THIS EVENING!
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright 1930 by Metropolitan Newspaper Service
I ALMOST FORGOT! I'LL INVITE THOSE TWO GIRLS NEXT DOOR TO JOIN THE PARTY, SUSANNE STEPPER AND FANCHON FRISK!
JAN. 12-1930
SAY, STUPID! DO YOU REALIZE WE'VE MADE ELLA THE BIGGEST SOCIAL SUCCESS IN HOLLYWOOD?
YES, AND ALL WE TRIED TO DO WAS PLAY HER A MEAN TRICK! CAN YOU BEAT IT?

HAROLD TEEN
NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT—POISON SURE HAS GOT A LOVELY HEAD OF HAIR!
HE OUGHTA HAVE HE CHANGES OIL EVERY TWENTY MILES!
BE A MAN GEDUNK
HI BEBE—I BROUGHT ALONG TH' LIL' OL' SAX—HAD A FEELING I'D LIKE TO MAKE MERRY WITH MOOSIC!
WON'T YOU COME IN, "PRESSY?"
DRIZZLE DRIZZLE
WHOOEE SQUEE
OOMP!
AND HERE'S Y'COAT!
?
OH! OH! DRUMS—I'LL MOVE THIS WELCOME MAT SO'S THAT BLANK CARTRIDGE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING SOFT TO LIGHT ON!
DAD IS NOT IN THE BEST HUMOR TONIGHT!
THEN HE NEEDS A LITTLE OF THIS STEAM-HEATED RHYTHM TO SNAP HIM OUT OF IT!
PONG!
RAT-TA-TA-TAT TRRR
BOOM!
?
SAY, YOU! CUT 'AT OUT—OR I'LL—
AH! JUST IN TIME, MR. LOVEWELL! I NEED AN EXTRA MAN—SIT DOWN AND I'LL SHOW YAH TH' INS AND OUT'S OF TRAP DRUMMING!!
HM? WOT'S TH' DELAY—TH' BOY OUGHTA COME BOUNCING OUT ON HIS EAR BY NOW—GUESS I'LL GIVE A LOOK!
ATTA BOY, POP! YOU'RE A HOT CHIMNEY!
CARL ED

BETTY
By C.A.Voight
©1929 N.Y. TRIBUNE, INC
— FINE. LETS DO THAT LESTER — I JUST LOVE WALKING IN THE SNOW
— THAT WAS A BRIGHT IDEA OF MINE — I'LL GET HER ALL TIRED OUT AND SHE WON'T WANT ME TO TAKE HER TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT
!
- LOOK! FELLERS!
— THEY KNOCKED MY GLASSES OFF — WHERE DID THEY GO?
- LOOK! HE'S MAKIN' SOME SNOW BALLS AN' IS GONNER GIVE US A FIGHT'
- A'RIGHT. - LET'S GIVE IT TO HIM FELLERS!
- SURE, IF HE FEELS THAT WAY ABOUT IT!
- I BETCHER HE BEATS IT NOW—
!?!
- OFFITHER. THERE'TH A NAFTY GANG O' KIDTH ROUMB HERE — THOCKED ME WITH THHOW BALLTH AND KNOCKED MY BRIDGE OUT — I COOBENT FIND IT!
— IS THAT SO?
— NOW I'M IN A FINE PICKLE.
— BEFORE WE GO LESTER TRY SOME OF MY CANDY. NICE CHEWY KIND —
— THORWY BEBBY, CAMB DO ID — ER MUFM'T EAD CAMBY, DOCTORTH ORDERTH —!
— WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SOUND AS IF YOU HAD A BAD COLD
— GLORIOUS. ISN'T IT LESTER? — HOW THE KIDS MUST ENJOY IT—
!
?
!
— OH, MISTER. HERE'S YOUR FALSE TEETH — I FOUND 'EM IN THE SNOW WHERE THOSE KIDS AN' YOU HAD THE FIGHT
C.A. Voight

Gasoline Alley
YOU CERTAINLY PICKED A CUTE LITTLE MONKEY, SKEEZIX.
I DIDN'T PICK HIM, UNCLE WALT. ANOTHER MONKEY PICKED HIM.
I'M TO BE OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK, MR. SCHMAX. COULD YOU KEEP NEEKO FOR ME AGAIN?
SURE, MRS. BIFF. I TREAT HIM LIKE MY OWN SON.
WHERE IS DOT MONKEY GONE? I WASN'T OUT TWO MINUTES! SOMEBODY TOOK HIM OR HE SHINNIED OUT OVER DE TRANSOM. I PHONE DE POLICE.
AREN'T YOU A NICE LITTLE FELLA! THAT'S MY LAST CHOCOLATE PEANUT.
LOOK, RACHEL! HE CAME RIGHT ALONG WITH ME.
TAKE THAT OURANG OUTANG AWAY! I CAN'T STAND 'EM.
AW, CAN'T WE KEEP HIM, UNCLE WALT?
NO! YOU SAY YOU FOUND HIM NEAR THE PET STORE? WE MUST TAKE HIM BACK.
OH! THAT'S MY NEEKO! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?
HE WAS FOUND. I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO THE PET STORE WHERE I THINK HE BELONGS.
BUT HE'S MINE! SEE, HE KNOWS ME. COME NEEKO! I LEFT HIM AT THE PET STORE MYSELF.
DOESN'T LOOK TO ME AS IF HE RECOGNIZED YOU.
WELL I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT. ANYWAY I WASH MY HANDS OF THE TRANSACTION.
GOLLY, THE COPS HAVE GOT HER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN STOLEN AFTER ALL!
TIME FOR ME TO BE DUSTING OUT OF HERE. I DIDN'T CLAIM IT WAS MINE. MY INTENTIONS WERE ALL RIGHT.
HE WAS A CUTE LITTLE THING AT THAT. AFFECTIONATE TOO. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT OF FUN TO HAVE HIM AROUND THE HOUSE.
SEE WHAT HE DID TO YOUR GOOD HAT, UNCLE WALT.
HE DID THAT? WHY THE LITTLE PEST! I'LL MAKE THE PET STORE MAN PAY FOR IT!

COMIC SECTION

Los Angeles Times

PART VII; 8 Pages

Vol. XLVIII — SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 12, 1930. — HUMOR Fun for the Young Smiles for Their Elders

WINNIE WINKLE
THE BREADWINNER
COME ON BACK IF Y'WANT SOME MORE, YA WHITE-LIVERED YELLOW-STREAKED BOZOS!!
YES, YA PAIR OF BOLONIES! COME ON BACK, AND WE'LL KNOCK YOU FOR A ROW OF ASHCANS!
HOLY CATS!
AN' WE THOUGHT THEY WUZ A COUPL'A SISSIES!
BRANNER
MRS. VANDERCASH AND HER LITTLE BOY ALGERNON WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW AND YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY WITH ALGY WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!! ALGY IS A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN — AND YOU BE THE SAME — UNDERSTAND?
AW GEE - I DON'T WANNA PLAY WITH NO LIL' SISSY!!
SO - AH - YOUR NAME IS - AH - PERRY, EH??
YES - AND - AH - YOURS IS ALGERNON EGBERT ARCHIBALD VANDERCASH, HUH??
RIGHT THIS WAY, MRS. VANDERCASH!
YOU REMEMBERED ALL OF MY NAMES!! GOODNESS, I DETEST THOSE NAMES! I WISH I HAD JUST ONE PLAIN NAME LIKE MOST BOYS HAVE!!
SAY - YOU'RE A PRETTY REG'LAR GUY AT THAT! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MEET MY GANG??
OH, I'D BE DELIGHTED TO MEET THEM! I'VE NEVER MET A "GANG" BEFORE!!
THEY AIN'T GOT SWELL NAMES LIKE YOU, Y'KNOW! THEY'RE JUST POOR KIDS!!
SPIKE - THIS IS ALGY VANDERCASH! ALGY, THIS IS "SPIKE"!!
OH, WHAT A LOVELY NAME!! SPIKE, I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU!
ALGY, HUH? SAY, WHAT'S TH' GAG?
— AN' THIS IS "CHINK!!" CHINK, SHAKE HANDS WITH ALGY VANDERCASH!
OH, WHAT A GORGEOUS NAME!! DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU "CHINK"!
IZZAT SO? WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT "ALGY"!!
ALGY - THIS IS "SPUD"!! SPUD, MEET ALGY —
I JUST LOVE THAT NAME!! "SPUD" I'M CHARMED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!
ALGY, HUH? WELL, YA DON'T GET ME TO BITE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THOSE BOYS? WHY WOULDN'T THEY SHAKE HANDS WITH ME??
AW, THEY'RE AFRAID TO LET YOU JOIN TH' RINKEYDINK CLUB BECAUSE YOUR NAME IS "ALGY"!! BUT DON'T WORRY, KID -
I'LL GIVE YOU A SWELL NAME AN' THEN YOU CAN JOIN OUR CLUB AN' EVERYTHING WILL BE O.K.!!
THAT WILL BE JUST PERFECT!! ANYTHING YOU SAY PERRY!!
MOTHAW! WHAT DO YOU THINK!! PERRY IS GOING TO MAKE ME A MEMBER OF HIS RINKEYDINK CLUB!!
RINKEYDINK? MY WORD, WHAT AN ODD NAME FOR A CLUB, ALGY!!
AND MOTHAW - PLEASE DO NOT CALL ME "ALGY"!! MY NEW NAME IN THE CLUB IS "PUNKY" VANDERCASH!
HOW AWFUL! YOU MUST GO RIGHT HOME WITH ME, ALGY — !!
COME OUT FROM UNDER THAT BED PERRY WINKLE! I'LL TEACH YOU TO DISGRACE ME IN FRONT OF MY FRIENDS!!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1930 - CHICAGO TRIBUNE

WELL, NOW WHAT?
TWO WEEK
THERE! AREN'T YOU GLAD? DOESN'T IT LOOK NICE?
WHY, JOE, WH ARE YOU GOING
JAN. 12-30

"Mr. and

"Mr. and Mrs." Are on the Air Over KHJ Every Saturday from 6 to 6:30 p.m.

BUT SUPPOSIN' IT SLIPS AN' HITS ME IN THE EYE?
WELL SLIPS DON'T COUNT!
Reg'lar Fellers
By Gene Byrnes
JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO! JOIN THE NAVY!
WHY? ON ACCOUNT OF YOU WANNA SEE THE WOILD?
NAW! ON ACCOUNT OF I WANNA BE A CRACK SHOT!
THE COW BOYS ARE THE FELLERS WHAT ARE THE CRACK SHOTS! SOMETIMES THEY ONEY USE ONE BULLET TO KILL FIFTEEN INDIANS!
HOW ABOUT THAT FELLER WHAT KNOCKED THE APPLE OFF HIS LIL' BOY'S HEAD WITH A BOW'N ARRER?
YEAH I KNOW BUT I'LL BET HE SPOILT THE APPLE!
THE PITCHERS ON THE BASE BALL TEAMS HASTA BE CRACK SHOTS
'ATS WHAT I'M GONNA BE WHEN I GROW UP! A PITCHER!
YOU CAN'T THROW STRAIGHT ENOUGH TO BE A PITCHER IN THE BIG LEAGUES!
I CAN THROW STRAIGHTER'N YOU!
LET'S SEE WHO CAN HIT THAT TOMATO CAN! I'LL THROW FIRST!
THERE! DID'N I TELL YOU I'D COME THE NEAREST?
NOW LET'S SEE WHO CAN HIT THAT MILK BOTTLE!
YOU BEAT ME ON THOSE TWO BUT THIS ONE IS FOR THE CHAMPEENSHIP! LET'S SEE WHO CAN HIT THAT HORNETS NEST! I'LL BET I COME THE NEAREST!
GOSH! I MISSED IT! NOW YOU TRY!
SWISH
IT HAPPENED THIS WAY: JIMMIE DUGAN THOUGHT HE COULD COME NEARER HITTIN' A HORNETS NEST WITH A STONE THAN I COULD.......... AN' I WON!
JAN-12-30
©1930 NY TRIBUNE INC

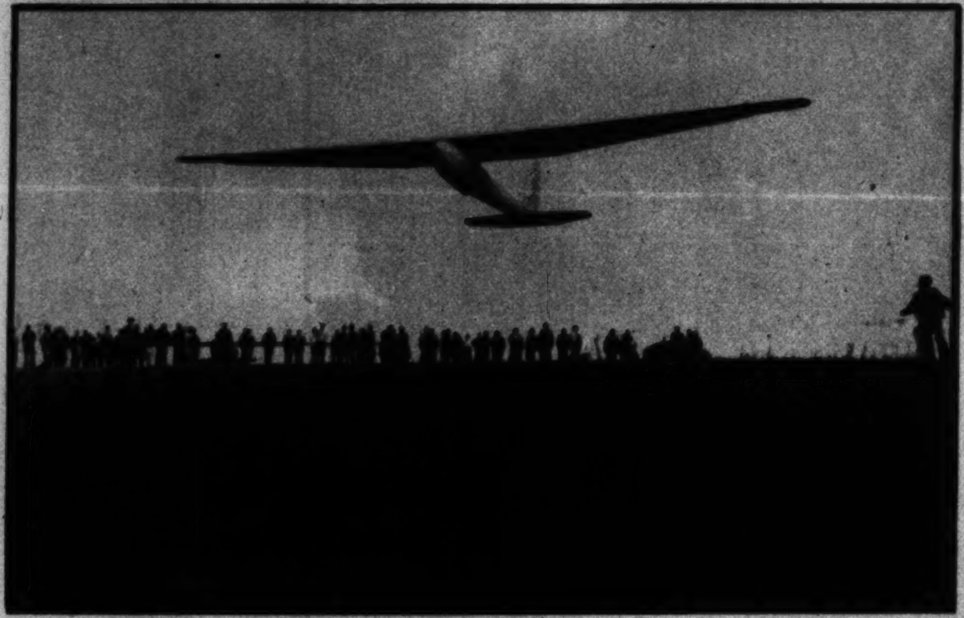
ROTOGRAVURE SECTION
Los Angeles Times
Sunday January 12, 1930

"Spirit of the West"

Bronco buster statue in Denver's Civic Center, silhouetted thus against the sunset sky, is a symphony in bronze reminiscent of the old days of the winning of the West.

—Courtesy, Denver Tourist Bureau.

FLYERS



Out of the Night

T. A. T.-Maddux airliner, "The Race Special," arriving from Agua Caliente on the night run.

—Dick Whittington Photo.

Effortless Flight

Left—Take-off at San Diego of Bowlus Sailplane on American record-breaking flight of one hour, twenty-six minutes, twenty-five and seven-tenths seconds. The plane has a wing spread of sixty feet and weighs 175 pounds.

Over Point Loma

Right—Bowlus Sailplane on record-breaking flight. The picture illustrates the height maintained on the flight.

Tells of Atlantic Crossing

Boy Scouts listen to Col. James Fitzmaurice, member of crew of Bremen of east-west crossing fame, tell of exploit in Grand Central Station, New York, where famous plane now is preserved. At right is the New York Central's first train.

—Associated Press Photo.

Designer and Pilot

W. H. Bowlus beside cockpit of Bowlus Sailplane, which he piloted to new American record over San Diego recently. He is one of the two first-class licensed glider pilots in America.

AVIATING NEIGHBORS

Empty!

Below—A tufted titmouse registering surprise, and some chagrin, on finding that there is nothing in the peanut-butter dish.

—Ernst Keil Photo.

Topsy Turvy

But just the right position to get that dainty morsel on the bottom. The Canada goose accommodates the photographer to show just how it is done.

—Lynwood M. Chace Photo.

Bird Immigrants

Right—Miss Ethel Bailey of Upland preparing to liberate first pair of English ringneck pheasants at the new State Game Farm at Chino.

Proud!

China is the home of this trim goose.

—E. J. Brown Photo.

Downy Woodpecker

Right—His favorite dish is suet and he is considering whether it would be polite to have another helping.

—Ernst Keil Photo.

Chic—sophisticated—strikingly beautiful, is Lilyan Tashman, who is noted for her splendid taste in clothes which she expresses in her personal wardrobe. This same discretion is used in her choice of cosmetics, as Miss Tashman finds in Doraldina's entire line of cosmetics and "Allura," as well as Doraldina's "Hand Beautifier," all the requisites any woman needs, and favors Doraldina's Eggshell "Allura" for evening, and Evenglow "Allura" for daytime.

Leatrice Joy favors soft clinging gowns for dinner affairs, such as this one of flesh-toned ... circular tiers, edged in silver, match the pink ... der sash with its slightly silver tint. A deep c... trims the bodice. Miss Joy wears this costu... First National production, "A Most Immor...

FASHIONS

Specially Posed and Directed by Peggy Hamilton

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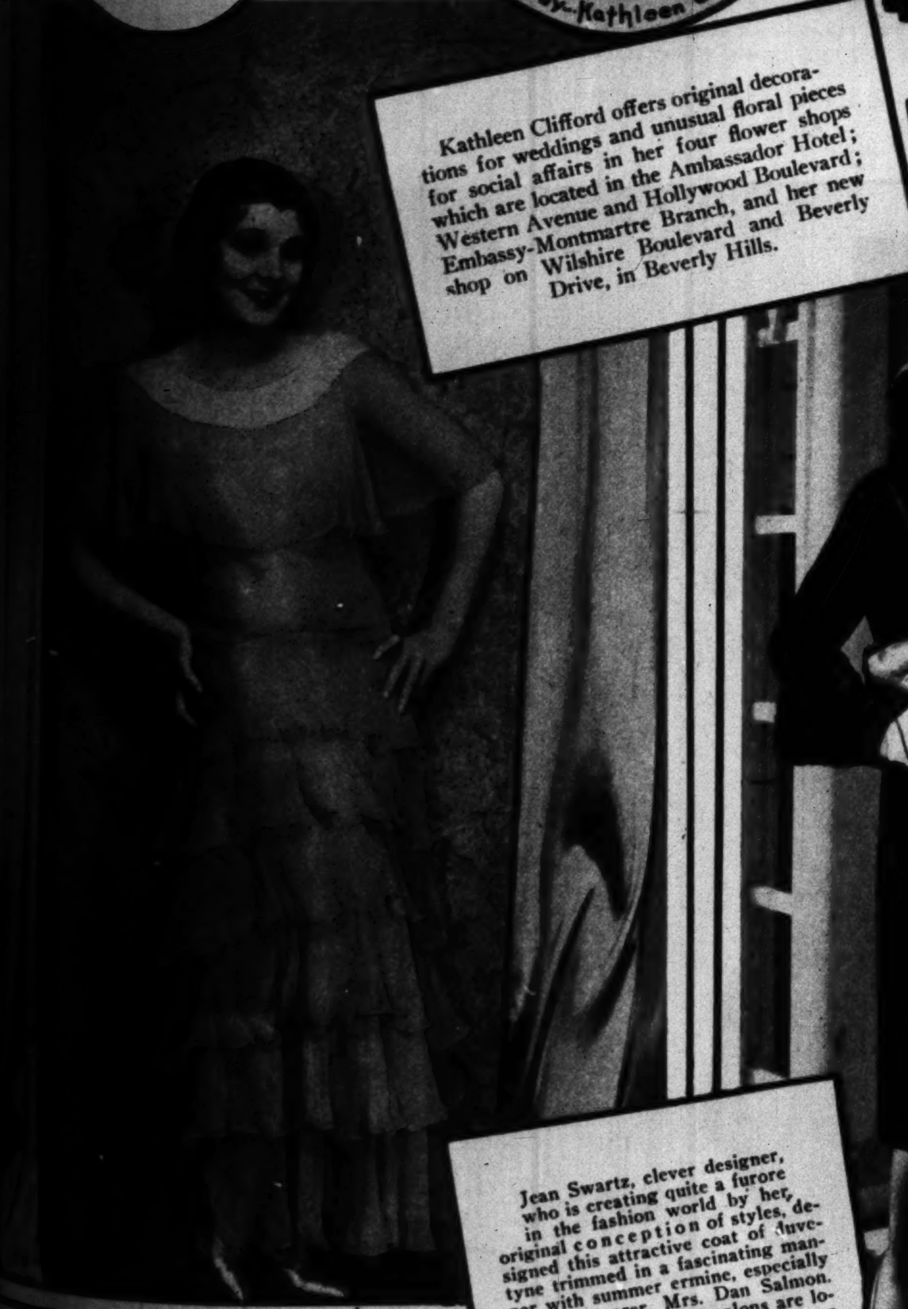
Colburn's Exclusive Fur Shop of South Flower is introducing some of the most charming light fur coats and separate neck pieces for early spring. Natalie Moorehead, First National player, now playing in "The Furies," chose for evening and formal afternoon affairs this wrap of rose beige dyed Russian ermine, which she chose from Colburn's original creations.

Chryson's, Inc., are displaying in their exclusive salon in the Roosevelt Hotel, some of the most exquisite novelties ever imported to Los Angeles. Belle Bennett chose this elegant cut-glass and tortoise-shell decanter as a gift. Chryson's are showing imported novelties for the boudoir, milady's desk, drawing-room, and unusual leather goods for traveling.

Flowers...by...Kathleen Clifford

Kathleen Clifford offers original decorations for weddings and unusual floral pieces for social affairs in her four flower shops which are located in the Ambassador Hotel; Western Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard; Embassy-Montmartre Branch, and her new shop on Wilshire Boulevard and Beverly Drive, in Beverly Hills.

Gertrude Pedlar, wearing Hepner's "Halo-Tress." Miss Pedlar assures one that the "Halo-Tress" is a boon to women during the days of hurried shopping and traveling, when it is impossible to spend hours at the hairdresser. The "Halo-Tress" can be adjusted in a few moments, is fashioned of all shades of long or short hair, and may be found at Hepner's Beauty Salons, 1001 West 7th Street, and 6540 Sunset Blvd.



[illegible] Joy favors soft clinging gowns for informal dinner affairs, such as this one of flesh-toned chiffon. Six [illegible] tiers, edged in silver, match the pink satin shoulder sash with its slightly silver tint. A deep circular yoke [illegible] the bodice. Miss Joy wears this costume in her [illegible] National production, "A Most Immoral Lady."

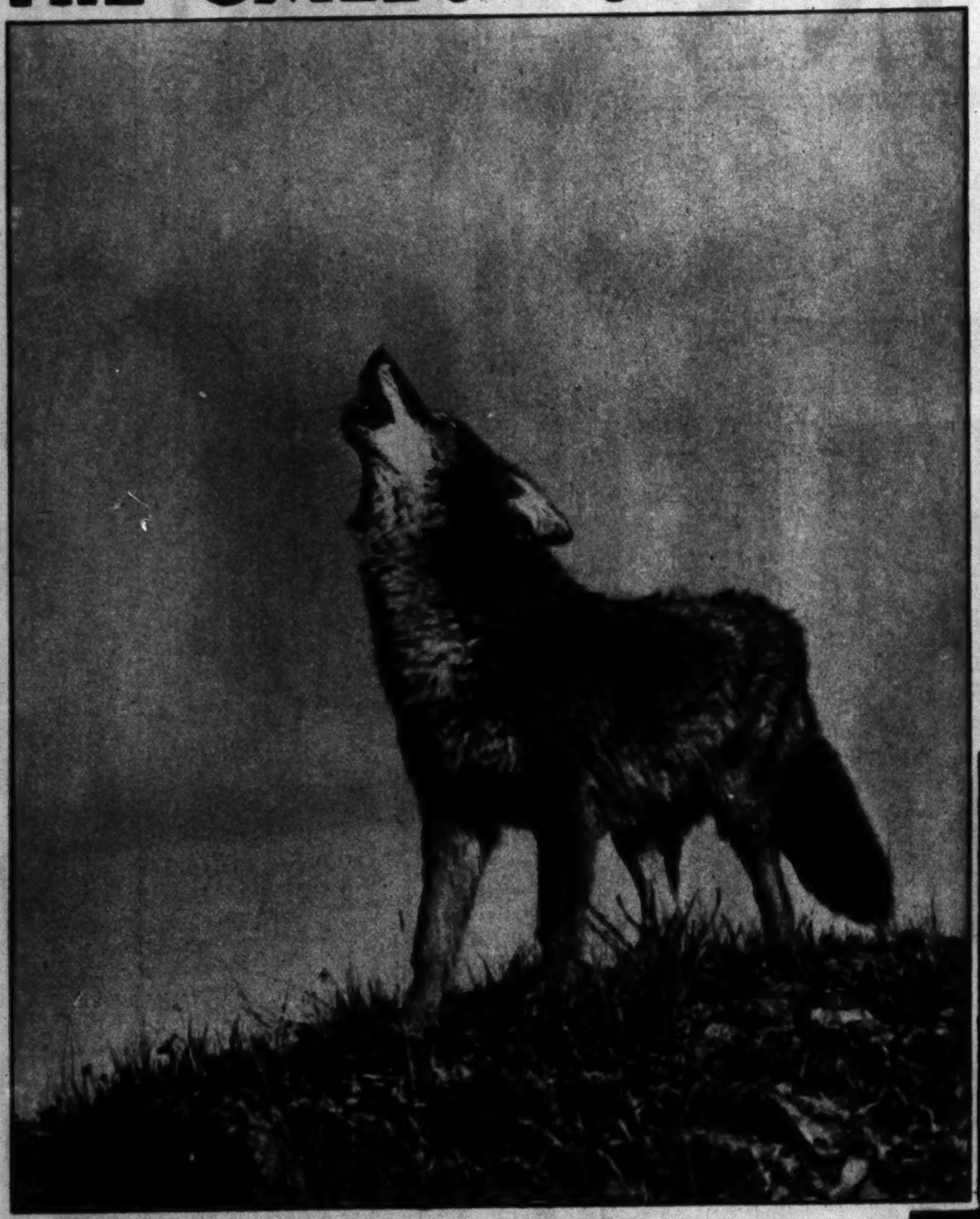
Jean Swartz, clever designer, who is creating quite a furore in the fashion world by her original conception of styles, designed this attractive coat of duvetyne trimmed in a fascinating manner with summer ermine, especially for the wearer, Mrs. Dan Salmon. Jean Swartz's fashion salons are located on Hollywood Boulevard, near Gower, and on Wilshire Boulevard, in Beverly Hills.

Motion picture stages in Hollywood are wider since Irene Bordoni introduced some startling Parisian costumes in her first motion picture, "Paris." This costume is one of the many featured in the brilliant theatre sequences of the picture, which are photographed in Technicolor.

—Elmer Fryer Photo.

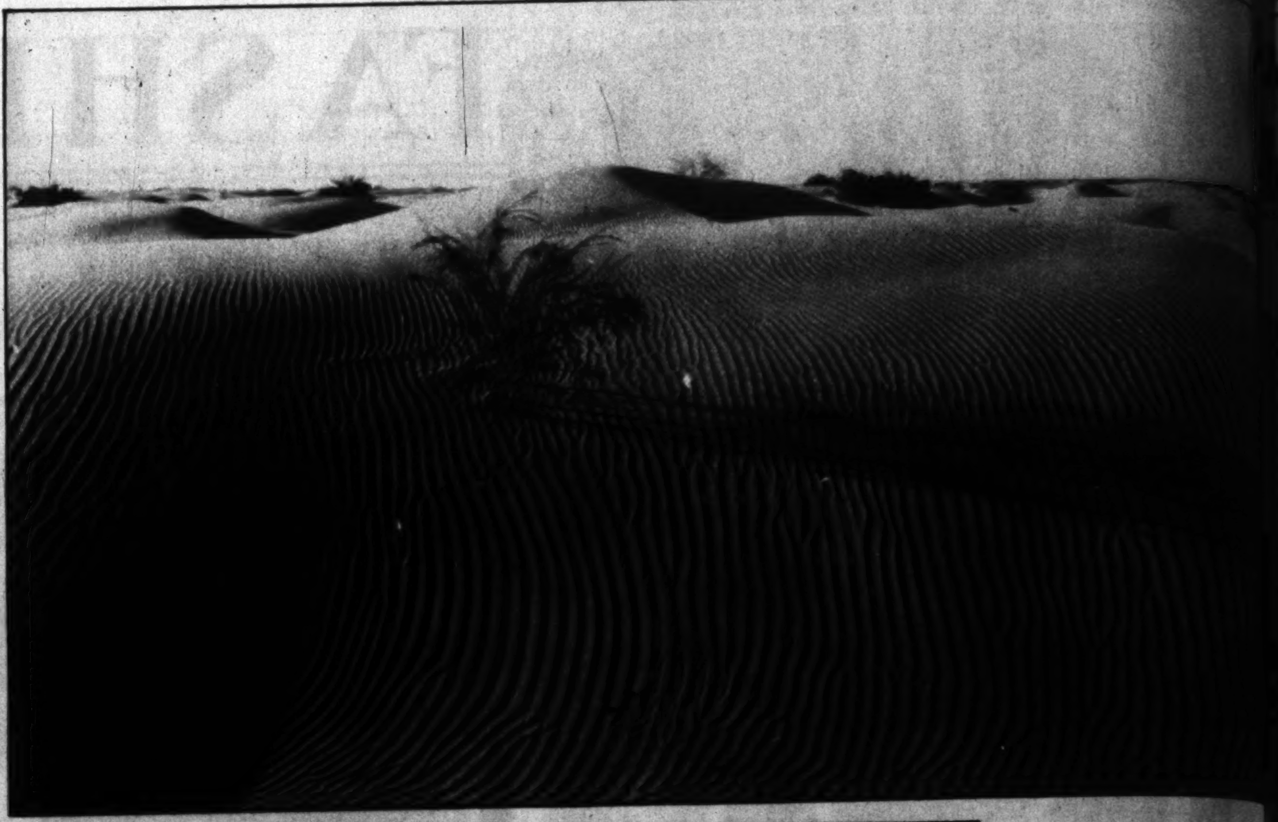
(Peggy Hamilton Fashion Studies—Moss Photos) *(Copyright by Peggy Hamilton)*

THE CALL of the DESERT



Don Coyote, Himself

—Charles J. Belden Photo.



Sands of the Desert

A Desert Hostelry

El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, with San Jacinto Peak in the background, typical of many in the winter sunshine belt of the Southwest.

—Keystone Photo Service.

Sunset on the Desert

Below—Watching the sinking sun underneath a Joshua tree.

—William Phillips Photo for Santa Fe & Atlantic.

Palms of the Desert

Below—Part of the Biskra group, near Indio.

—© Padilla Co.

Furnace Creek Inn

Facing it across Death Valley is the Panamint Range.

—Union Pacific Photo.

Gateway to Death Valley

A view from Golden Canyon, with the Panamint Range in the background.

—L. F. Beegle Photo

Golfing Among the Saguaro

Big organ cacti dot the course of the Arizona Biltmore, near Phoenix.

—Keystone Photo Service.

January 12, 1930

Various

Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell

Bishop of the Diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego. From a painting by Baron ... Szathory, portraitist of distinguished persons, including Pope Pius XI, King Edward of England, and the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, which now is being shown at the California Club. The portrait is to be presented to the bishop.

—R. O. Anderson Photo

ADOHR-AB... BA...

Madeline may break some of her New Year's resolutions, ... to keep one by drinking ... ADOHR CERTIFIED

Madeline Dorothea is the Adohr-able Baby ... Althouse, 1516 North Genesee St., Los ...

Have you an Adohr-able Baby? ... ADOHR STOCK FAR...

DON'T LET ... Hands G...

NO need now for red, coarse, ug... new preparation will make your hands ... white—THINC Hand Creme (pronounced ... velous new cream scientifically prepared ... gether different from anything you have ... the ordinary cold cream, lotion or vanis... actually see THINC roll out the dirt. ... and your hands are always lovely. And ... tube, at 60c, is really cheaper than ma... rations because so very little need be ... any good drug store or toilet goods co...

THI... (PRONOUNC...) hand ...

SUPERFLUOU...

A New and Superior System for Its ... has been devised and perfected by MARION ... and well-known multiple electric needle sp...

NO PAIN — DEPENDABLE ...

MARION MON...

Suite 1008 Foreman Bldg., 7th ...

Various

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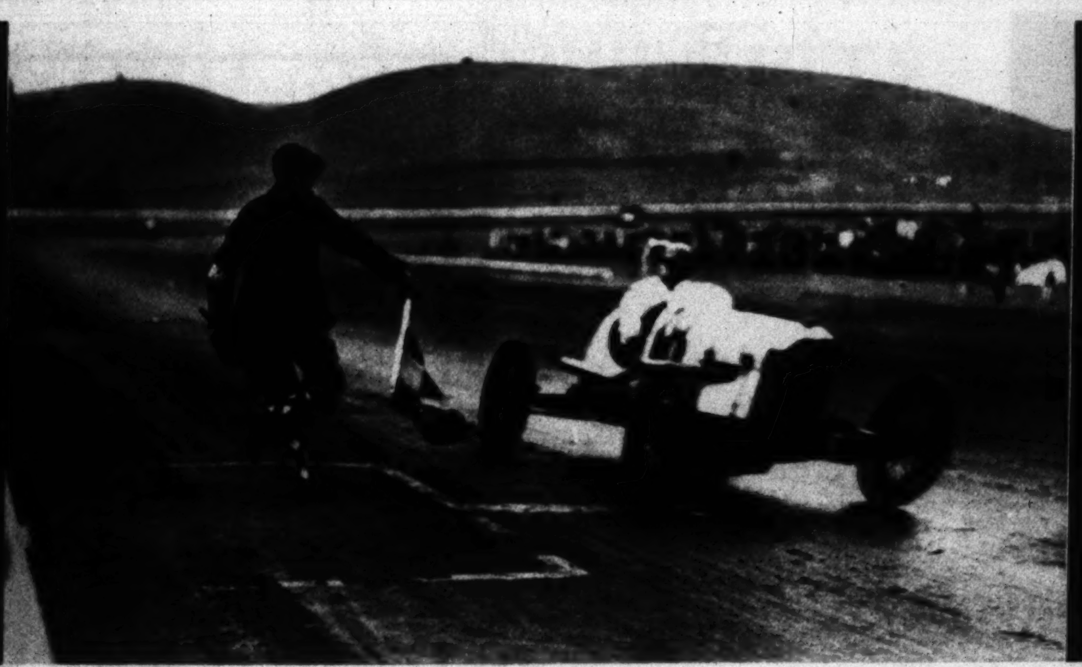

The Winner!

"Stubby" Stubblefield gets the checkered flag from the becheckered-soxed Fred Wagner at the American Legion Speedway.

—Carroll Photo Service.

ADOHR-ABLE BABIES

Madeline may break some of her New Year's resolutions, but she is going to keep one by drinking lots of

ADOHR CERTIFIED MILK

Madeline Dorothea is the Adohr-able Baby of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Althouse, 1516 North Genesee St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Have you an Adohr-able Baby? We'd like a picture! Send it to

ADOHR STOCK FARMS

1801 South La Cienega Blvd., L. A.

"Highly Approved. G. B. S."

George Bernard Shaw scribbles approval on back of model of obelisk which Sava Botzaris, Greco-Italian sculptor and protege of G. B. S., would erect in some European city as a memorial to the Irish playwright. The model now is being shown in New York.

—Associated Press Photo.

All-Round Athlete

Miss Florence Kisecker not only stars on the University of Kansas girls' hockey team, but is a member as well of the feminine basketball, baseball and track teams of the Sunflower State's institution of the higher learning.

—Associated Press Photo.

DON'T Let Your Hands Get Old

NO need now for red, coarse, ugly hands! An entirely new preparation will make your hands exquisitely soft and white—THINC Hand Creme (pronounced "think")—a marvelous new cream scientifically prepared for the hands—altogether different from anything you have ever used before! Not the ordinary cold cream, lotion or vanishing cream. You can actually see THINC roll out the dirt. Only takes a second—and your hands are always lovely. And the convenient new tube, at 60c, is really cheaper than many other hand preparations because so very little need be used at a time. At any good drug store or toilet goods counter.

THINC (PRONOUNCED THINK) hand creme

THINC WHEN THINKING OF BEAUTY

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A New and Superior System for Its Permanent Removal has been devised and perfected by MARION MONROE, a skillful and well-known multiple electric needle specialist for 13 years.

NO PAIN — DEPENDABLE — QUICKER

Positively the only system destroying unwanted hair without any objectionable features. Convincing references.

Service in Your Home if Desired

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The Desert - Dawn - Noon - Dusk / The Colors of Spring and

JANUARY AT BULLOCK'S

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Bullock's Introduces

Three Frocks with a Future

Each at $39.50

Created Especially for Bullock's To Compliment the Woman's Figure

Have you felt that the new fashions are for youthful, unformed figures only? Then here is delightful news for you! In these three Dresses are incorporated Spring's smartest fashion ideas . . . in lines most wearable for the woman's figure. They are Bullock's own Dresses . . . designed and created for Bullock's alone in Southern California. And as admirable . . . may we suggest? . . . for their wide range of size and color and modest pricing . . . as for their distinguished charm. 34 to 44.

The Avenue

The bloused silhouette and soft bows make this Printed Frock particularly becoming. Brown, Green, Blue, Black and Gray. Sizes 34 to 44.

$39.50

The Lido

Bullock's approves this Lace Supper Dress in the desert colors: Sky Blue, Dawn Pink, Palm Green, Dust Blue, Desert Tan, Black. Sizes 34 to 44.

$39.50

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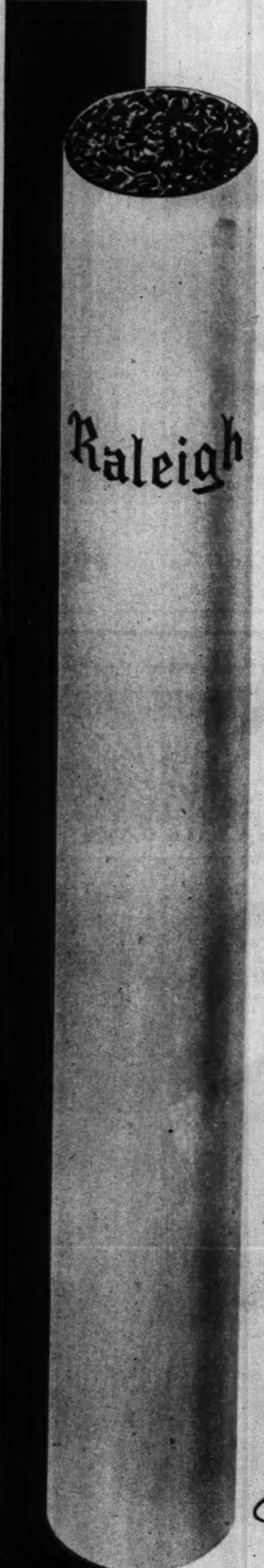
In Crepe de Jour with lingerie touches of Alencon lace, Madame is smartly garbed. Blue Sky, Dusk Blue, Palm Green and Desert Tan, Violet, Red. 34 to 44.

$39.50

Women's Dresses . . Bullock's . . Third Floor Fashions



It pays to pay a trifle more for RALEIGH

[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

Louisville, Kentucky

... beginning a NEW YEAR

Neptune's Envoys

Lord of the sea sends pretty envoys from Pacific's depths to announce the arrival of a new year, a tableau which will start Santa Monica's first mid-winter swim, which will be staged today off the Deauville Beach Club, with Roger Cornell in charge. In the picture are, left to right: Marguerite Schreiner, Elizabeth Schreiner, Dorothy Cornell and Polly Woolsey.

—Powell Press Service Photo.

Visit Pope Pius

Prince Humberto and the Princesses Maria and Giovanna, children of the King and Queen of Italy, follow parents' footsteps to the Vatican. They are shown after having called on the Pope.

—Pacific & Atlantic.

Flags of Church and State

Banners of Italy and the Papacy over the entrance to St. Peter's, Rome, honoring the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to the Pope, the first in the history of United Italy.

—Associated Press Photo.

Significant

King Emmanuel of Italy and Queen Elena leaving the Vatican after their visit with Pope Pius XI. Medieval pomp and splendor marked the ceremony, the first of its kind ever to take place in United Italy.

—Associated Press Photo.

Help! Police!

Clarence A. Chamberlin, trans-Atlantic flier, christens one of two amphibian scouting planes for New York City police. They are equipped with police sirens, machine guns and a supply of tear-gas bombs, and are capable of carrying three passengers at from ninety to 100 miles an hour.

—Associated Press Photo.

Mercolized W... Keeps Skin You...

Absorb blemishes and disc... regularly using Mercolized Wa... ounce, and use as directed... ticles of aged skin peel off... fects, such as pimples, liver... freckles and large pores, have... Skin is beautifully clear, soft... and face looks years younger... wax brings out the hidden... **reduce wrinkles** and other... use this face lotion: 1 ounce... saxolite and one-half pint... At Drug and Dept. Stores...

Liquid Silmeri...

Makes natural waves that... Removes dandruff, ... orderly. For men, women and...

No finger waving...

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STUART'S CALCIU... WAFE...

Feminine Dainti... Assured

No woman need suffer the... discomfort caused by

Unsightly Ha...

We guarantee to remove Superfl... Permanently

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TO END FAT

A BETTER WAY

MANY more people would fight fat in the right way if they did not fear some harm. The slender figures, multiplied in late years, could be multiplied again.

But the danger lies in starvation or abnormal exercise. The right way is to combat the cause. It usually lies in an under-active gland. That scanty gland secretion lets too much food go to fat. Modern physicians, in treating obesity, feed the lacking substance.

That method is the basis of Marmola prescription tablets. They are prepared by a famous laboratory, to offer this right method at its best. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. The results are seen in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can show and tell the many good effects.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. Each box contains the formula, and all the good results are explained. The user who gains new youth and beauty, new health ... knows exactly why.

If you suffer from ... combat the cause. ... to beauty and to ... starve, but feed ... substance that is ... mola tablets do ...

Consider how many ... ployed this method ... years. It must be right ... what they have ... the results from a ... Marmola, and let ... decide. Start now. ... appearing at your ...

Marmola prescription ... all druggists at $1 a box ... who is out will gladly ...

MARMOL...

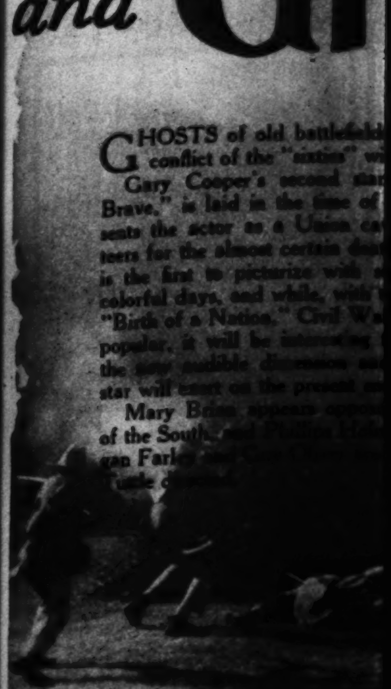
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

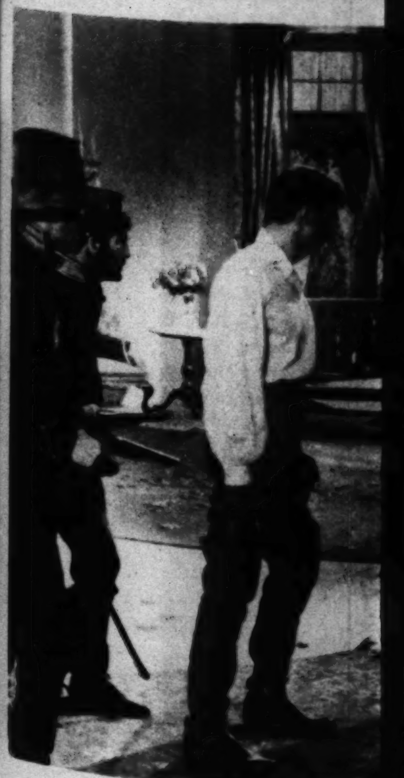
January 12, 1930

The ... *and* Gr...

GHOSTS of old battlefield... conflict of the "sixties"... Gary Cooper's ... Brave," is laid in the time of ... sents the actor as a Union ... teers for the ... is the first to ... colorful days, and while ... "Birth of a Nation," Civil W... popular, it will be interesting ... star will meet on the ... Mary Brian ... of the South ... Ann Farley ...



Miss Brian appears as ...



Cooper's capture of Phillips Holme... Brian's hand, is one of the most dram...

Weekly Film Pictorial Section

Los Angeles The Pre-view Sunday Times

January 12, 1930

Edited by EDWIN SCHALLERT

The Blue and Grey

GHOSTS of old battlefields will rise again, and the conflict of the "sixties" will be refought.

Gary Cooper's second starring picture, "Only the Brave," is laid in the time of the Civil War, and presents the actor as a Union cavalry captain who volunteers for the almost certain death of spy duty. The film is the first to picturize with sound and dialogue those colorful days, and while, with the exception of the epical "Birth of a Nation," Civil War stories have seldom been popular, it will be interesting to observe what influence the new audible dimension and the name of a favored star will exert on the present enterprise.

Mary Brian appears opposite Cooper, as a daughter of the South, and Phillips Holmes, Virginia Bruce, Morgan Farley and Guy Oliver are others in the cast. Frank [illegible] directed.

As the young Northern cavalry captain, Gary Cooper portrays a character that should rival "The Virginian."
—Photo by English.

Miss Brian appears as a belle of the old South.

The pomp and dash of a military wedding furnishes an effective finale.

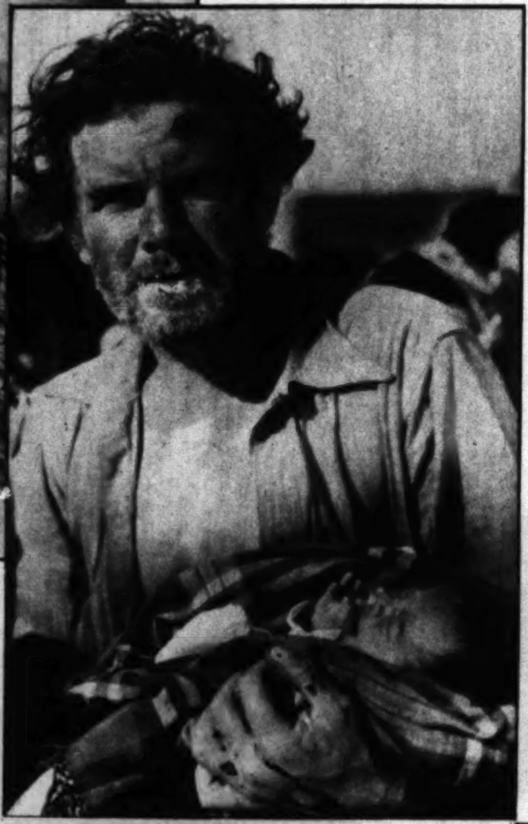
Cooper's capture of Phillips Holmes, his Southern rival for Mary Brian's hand, is one of the most dramatic scenes.

Authentic realism marks the camp and battle scenes.

The Quadrille recalls.

Raymond Hatton (left), Fred Kohler and Charles Bickford as the three desperadoes.

Fritzi Ridgeway's role is short but effective.



Stark drama enters into Bickford's attempt to save the child from the desert.

"HELL'S HEROES"

STORY OF DESERT SACRIFICE

Directness of action and beautiful photography feature well told production

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

REMINISCENT somewhat of "Three Bad Men," produced in 1926, "Hell's Heroes," Universal's new screen version of Peter B. Kyne's story, "Three Godfathers," is drama vibrant and pulsating. Its theme is simple, and it is as simply treated, but the play it exerts upon the emotions is powerful.

There is no love interest—women, in fact, find small place in the plot. Only in one instance does a woman figure in the story—and she lives through half a reel. It is because of her, however, and the child she bears that the story finds real sustenance—the sacrifice of three men, to save the life of a newborn babe.

Aside from the dramatic situations and acting, the picture is outstandingly beautiful, photographically. Filmed almost entirely on the desert, it catches the mood of the great sandy wastes and fetchingly depicts their desolation, their vastness, strength and fascination. George Robinson is to be commended specially for his work with the camera and for the varied angles he achieves for the screen.

The story concerns three desperadoes, their descent upon a desert town bank and ultimate robbery and murder, and their flight into the desert. Saved from a posse by the sudden rise of a sand storm, but which takes from them their horses, they plod steadily next day toward a well-known water hole. With only a few cupfuls of water left, they arrive at the water hole and discover it dry.

The tragedy of the desert—no water—is well expressed in these scenes. The three accept the situation calmly, as men accustomed to the desert might do.

A new factor enters, however, with the discovery of a covered wagon—and a dying woman about to become a mother. After the child is born, she makes the three swear that they will take the infant to its father—the cashier of the bank they have robbed. The cashier is the man they killed, during the holdup!

Scenes and action of real brilliance are encountered time and again in their trek back over the desert to save the baby. It is not pretty drama, nor is it touched by the conventional. As it is told, the picture assumes an atmosphere of reality that is splendid in scope. Of course, with the water gone, one after another of the three bad men goes to his death—and the last one dies in the aisle of a church, his task completed.

Moments bordering the theatric creep into the closing scenes, but their use does not impair the picture to any extent. The production may best be described as being different, without the employment of those tricks that so many directors and scenario writers attempt. "Hell's Heroes" is a man's picture essentially, but it is a film that will appeal to all classes and to members of both sexes.

Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler are the trio of bad men, whose folly brings them death. Their roles are exceptionally dramatic and picturesque, and each offers a performance of memorable merit. Bickford is cast in the best part.

Fritzi Ridgeway, in a small part, nevertheless gives an interesting portrayal, and Maria Alba, Joe de la Cruze, Walter James and Buck Connors also appear. William Wyler directed and Tom Reed wrote the adaptation, continuity and dialogue. Both men should be mentioned for work well done.

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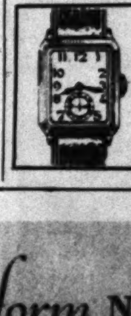

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VARIED VIEWS

How'd you like Director Mervyn LeRoy's view of this dance sequence? Alice White, in "Show Girl in Hollywood," heads the chorus number.

Mary Astor's stage debut, in "Among the Married," is markedly interesting, for it presents her in a highly sophisticated role. —Photo by Duncan.

Weber and Fields are at it again—but this time in a talking picture. The famous comedians are engaged at present in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new review, as yet untitled.

Writing their memoirs is quite the thing now in Hollywood, among the older actors. George Fawcett, after many years on both stage and screen, is recording his experiences in print.

Actual Photo

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Miss Johnston personally supervises every wave

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THE DANGER LINE

Do YOU realize how important are the first "baby" teeth of your child? Upon them depends the proper growth of the permanent teeth and the graceful development of the jaws. If they become diseased they may affect the health of the permanent teeth.

Teach your child *now* to guard them at The Danger Line—the habit will help him have good teeth through life. For along this delicate line of tissue, where gums meet teeth, so much trouble occurs. Here, is a tiny V-shaped crevice. Your tooth-brush cannot penetrate this crevice without injury. So food particles collect, ferment, form acids which attack the gums and teeth. Decay follows. The gums may become inflamed. Serious trouble can result.

But you can guard The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, universally esteemed as a safe, effective antacid. Each time you use Squibb's, tiny Milk of Magnesia particles are carried into crevices and render acids harmless.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans teeth beautifully. It contains no grit, no strong astringents. It is harmless if swallowed. It soothes the gums and refreshes. Teach your child to use it regularly. Let it protect The Danger Line for *you*. Dental authorities agree that as long as The Danger Line remains intact and healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. A large tube of Squibb's is only 40c at any drug store. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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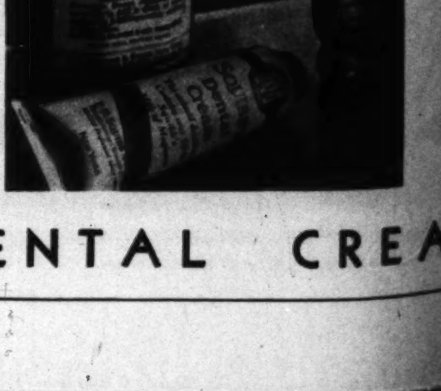
The Danger Line is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth—at its edge is a tiny V-shaped crevice. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles. Protect it by using Squibb's Dental Cream.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

January 12, 1930

William COLLIER

Comedy Star of

"HARMONY AT HOME"

Quality of Performances Commendable in Adaptation of "The Family Upstairs."

Marguerite Churchill, attractive and ca... his hair pulled, provide the film's roman... (left) and Youth Vallie.

Can any cosm...

These five letters echo the op...

"The lines around my eyes ... gone. My skin is getting beau... and white. Everyone spe... change. V. M. S., Fitch...

I wish you could see the improvement ... has made in my skin. My complexion is b... soft and smooth! All my friends remark a... coming younger, instead of older, looking... A. M., B...

I have used Amor Skin with wonderful... cannot say too much in its praise. M. M. B., Walter Reed Hospital, Washi...

I have just finished my third jar of Amo... many of my friends speak of the amazin... ment in my face and neck. H. G. T., ...

Amor Skin has worked wonders for m... say to me, 'What are you doing to make ... your skin so beautifully youthful?' E. W., Nashville, Tenn.

If you are inclined to doubt that any co... actually be worth $25 the jar, we sugge... read the above excerpts from five lett... from among hundreds received.

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Coronado—I. Magnin & Co., Inc.
Hollywood—I. Magnin & Co., Inc.
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Los Angeles—Bullock's
Ambassador Drug Co.
Coulter Dry Goods Co.

William COLLIER

Comedy Star of "HARMONY AT HOME"

Quality of Performances Commendable in Adaptation of "The Family Upstairs."

William Collier, Sr., as a paterfamilias and Elizabeth Patterson as the mater are central personalities in a pleasing comedy.

Marguerite Churchill, attractive and capable, and Rex Bell, who is having his hair pulled, provide the film's romance. The children are Dickie Kirby (left) and Youth Vallie.

Charlie Eaton and Dixie Lee impersonate a pair of youthful gadabouts.

That ARTISTIC URGE

Much ado about practically nothing at all, at all. This isn't a guessing contest, but just try to figure out this pose of Walter Pidgeon (left), Allan Prior, Myrna Loy and Lupino Lane, all of whom are featured in "Bride of the Regiment."

What does one do when the fire chief arrives? Looky. One of the dramatic situations NOT in "The Swan," in which we see, for no particular reason, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Rod La Rocque, Director Paul Stein and the aforementioned knight of the hook and ladder.

Nobody knows why this picture was snapped—and nobody cares, moreover. A VERY informal moment between scenes of "Pointed Heels," with Skeets Gallagher (left), Director Eddie Sutherland, Helen Kane and William Powell the players.

Charlotte Henry, from the stage, makes her debut in a youngster role.

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

THE Great American Home, so-called, assumes its place in the spotlight of the talkies in an adaptation of the stage play, "The Family Upstairs," which emerges on the screen as "Harmony at Home," and brings William Collier, Sr., to the fore as a featured comedian of the film-sound medium.

Collier, Elizabeth Patterson, Marguerite Churchill, Rex Bell, Charles Eaton and Charlotte Henry compose the leading players of this piece, which runs to exceedingly bright comedy.

Hamilton MacFadden directed the picture from the scenario provided by Clare Kummer, Seton I. Miller, Mr. Collier and Charles J. McGuirk. Dialogue was written by Edwin Burke and Elliott Lester. Which is assuredly an ample roll call, and doesn't include a couple of song writers, in addition.

Despite there were many chefs for this particular *ragout*, it is sufficiently garnished with smiles and laughs to prove good entertainment. There is only one descent into the cheaper sort of hokum, and I presume even that will be the source of sufficient uproar in the theatre to pass.

The performances in this picture are excellent—notably those of Collier, Sr., as the father, Elizabeth Patterson as the mother and Marguerite Churchill as the elder daughter. Charlotte Henry, a little girl from the stage, is also exceedingly capable. Rex Bell, who has had no footlight experience—in contrast to practically every other member of the cast—gives a good account of himself. Charles Eaton is suitably cast, and Dixie Lee and Dot Farley suffice to their portrayals.

It is the work of Collier, Sr., that is responsible for the most laughs, for he seems to have all the comedy tricks at his finger-tips. Miss Patterson, as the mother who tries to regulate her daughter's romance, is a close competitor in a more serious portrayal.

The story is made up of everyday line of happenings, which will appeal to the majority of audiences—family misunderstandings, troubles over the welfare of the children and their love affairs—all familiar material, but well contrived, in this instance.

Can any cosmetic be worth $25 a jar?

These five letters echo the opinion of Amor Skin users throughout the world

"The lines around my eyes are nearly gone. My skin is getting beautifully clear and white. Everyone speaks of the change.
V. M. S., Fitchburg, Mass.

I wish you could see the improvement Amor Skin has made in my skin. My complexion is becoming so soft and *smooth!* All my friends remark about my becoming *younger*, instead of older, looking.
A. M., Reading, Pa.

I have used Amor Skin with *wonderful* results. I cannot say too much in its praise.
M. M. B., Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

I have just finished my third jar of Amor Skin. So many of my friends speak of the amazing improvement in my face and neck. H. G. T., New York

Amor Skin has worked wonders for me. People say to me, 'What *are* you doing to make your skin so beautifully youthful?'
E. W., Nashville, Tenn."

If you are inclined to doubt that any cosmetic can actually be worth $25 the jar, we suggest that you read the above excerpts from five letters chosen from among hundreds received.

Mind you, we do not promise that what Amor Skin has done for these women it will do also for you.

We only know that these letters echo the opinion of Amor Skin users throughout the civilized world.

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When used according to directions, this hormone ointment penetrates the skin, revitalizes hormone-starved subcutaneous cells and erases wrinkles, crow's-feet and other marks of time.

If you expect to buy an overnight miracle for $25, do not buy Amor Skin, because you are doomed to disappointment.

If, on the other hand, you are willing to apply it scientifically for three months as directed (you should be able to detect real benefit in thirty days), we can only say that the experience of most women leads us to encourage you to make the investment.

AMOR SKIN NO. 1 *single strength* . . $16.50
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LOS ANGELES TIMES

avoid contact. Page 2, Part I. | home in a residential section. | heard a plane land in the water | Field. | rations, of course, is plentifully sup- (Continued on Page 2, Column 4)

. . . so GWEN celebrates her birthday

And her guests make whoopee in real whoopee fashion

No, these aren't two of Gwen's guests, but it's a cute study, none the less, of the actress.

Jack Oakie was quite conspicuous by his absence—but duty called and he was obliged to work at the studio. —Photo by Richee.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"JUST think of being so very young that you can be reckless enough to have a birthday party and tell the world!" exclaimed Stella.

"Who is?" I demanded.

"Why, Gwen Lee," answered Stella. "And Jack Oakie has a birthday the same day. They're engaged, you know—or, at least, they're supposed to be."

GWEN'S pretty hillside home in a Hollywood canyon was brightly lighted when we arrived, and we found many guests already there surrounding Gwen and wishing her many happy returns, while her sweet mother bade us welcome at the door.

Jack Oakie had had to work that night, but was expecting to come later on.

But his jolly mother was there, and we could just see where Jack gets all his bright appeal and cleverness. When we entered, Mrs. Oakie was dancing with Charlie Cross, but came over to say hello to us.

Hal Skelly and Marie Astaire were there, too, and Wesley Ruggles, Ivan St. John, Matty Kemp, Barbara Pierce, Mrs. Francis Laughton, Jack Benny, Carlotta King, Dick Schayer, James Morgan, Janice Peters, Roger Gray, Howard Strickling, and many others.

Jack Oakie, as it turned out, never got to the party at all, but kept telephoning from the studio, just to let Gwen know he was thinking about her.

BARBARA PIERCE, who was married about a year ago, again feels the urge to work in pictures, and is looking so lovely that she should have no trouble getting a chance.

She has been interesting herself deeply in charitable work, especially connected with the Orthopedic Hospital for Children, and won't give that up even though she does go back into pictures.

Dick Schayer said that he was the only song writer ever invited to a party who hadn't his latest song on the hostess' piano.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Skelly.

"Probably an oversight on the part of the hostess," said Gwen.

Gwen Lee's mother suddenly exclaimed, glancing at a clock:

"Oh, I meant to have spanked Gwen at 11:30—that's the hour at which she was born—and I forgot it!"

So after all we didn't find out just how old Gwen is—or, rather, just how young.

THERE was a great fire burning in the grate, and a few of us gathered around it to chat.

Jack Oakie's mother told us vivaciously of his childhood—how once when she had a birthday, Jack had bought her two dollars' worth of gum-drops, how she still had some of them, and meant to donate them to the Hollywood movie museum!

Mrs. Evelyn Oakie, somebody told us afterward, is a remarkable person—not that we need to be told—but our informer said that she had taken a very difficult examination for service in the psychological department at a state hospital for the insane, after she was fifty years old.

WE BEGAN discussing health topics, and Jack Benny said that his health slogan was, "To hell with spinach!"

Gwen came over presently to show us the diamond wrist-watch Jack had given her. We asked her then if she were engaged, and she hesitated.

"Well, at any rate, you're liable to be any minute?" Stella inquired, and Gwen blushed and admitted the fact.

Roger Gray had arrived in his sailor suit, which he wears in "Hit the Deck," and won all the ladies' hearts with his good looks and taking ways.

Carlotta King looked beautiful. She sang, while Jimmie Morgan played the piano. Then Morgan played some classical music for us, after which he condescended to play for those who wished to dance, including Gwen and Hal Skelly.

A BUFFET supper was served, and we told Gwen that she was very generous to give a party on her birthday and work so hard preparing, pretending we ... she had cooked everything ... and she entered into the ... it, telling us how tired she ... become churning the butter.

There was a huge birthday ... intended for Jack and Gwen ... but finally we had to give ... and Gwen cut the cake with ... of wistful sadness in her ... cause Jack wasn't there.

We asked Gwen what she ... given Jack for a birthday ... and she said, "A slave ...

As we went home, we ... audibly to each other that ... be a long time before Gwen ... old enough so that she ... want to give a birthday party.

PREVIEW INTRODUCES

Daughter of a physician and an actress, Vivienne Segal was born in Philadelphia on a certain April 19. She made her professional debut at sixteen in a leading role in "Blue Paradise," and since that time until she came to Hollywood a few months ago has played nothing but prima donna or featured parts. Her last appearance on Broadway was in Ziegfeld's "The Three Musketeers," in which she was the feminine principal. Warner Brothers signed her last spring to sing opposite John Boles in "Song of the West." "The Golden Dawn" and "Bride of the Regiment," a new version of "The Lady in Ermine," followed, and in the near future she will sing in a new operetta, as yet untitled, written especially for the screen by Oscar Hammerstein and Sigmund Romberg.

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Rudy VALLEE says . . .

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